

The Listener

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A drawing by Barnett Freedman from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery in London (see page 696)

Thinking about Peace

By J. P. Corbett

The Offshore Islands and Other Topics

By Alistair Cooke

The First English Gentlemen

By F. R. H. Du Boulay

The Right to Strike

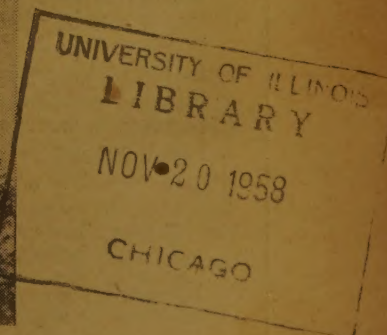
Two opposing views

Education and Future American Society

By Peter F. Drucker

The Earliest People of Wales

By Glyn Daniel





THE UPSHOT OF OFFSPRING

By Podalirius

It is odd how little has been written about the effect of children on parents. One can get lost in the libraries that have been published to show how a rough word from father can warp an infant's happiness, but one will seldom find a sentence about the other side of the picture. This is even odder because the effect of children on parents is physical, immediate and easy to demonstrate; while the effect of parents on children takes place in the shadowy regions of the subconscious, and emerges years afterwards in a way that seems to the lay mind curiously improbable; perhaps, one says to oneself, it is only coincidence that many of the women who recently took so irrationally to the sack were born at the time of the "Baldwin must go" movement.

But nothing is less open to doubt than the physical changes that progeny cause in parents. Hearing, for instance, becomes highly selective. Few tricks in Nature's repertoire are more astonishing than the way in which mothers can knit unmaddened in a roomful of ululation and yet, if their children are out of sight, cock an ear at a wail from half a mile away and say, "Is that one of ours?" as though it were war-time.

Of course not all is pure loss. Few parents will regret having acquired the varied mental and physical skills needed to pack a trunk according to the requirements of a prep-school matron. They may not ever need them again, but at least they are something to be proud of. And the ability to tell the same story over and over again without varying a word from the accepted text may one day come in useful in a witness box.

But by and large most children are not good for most parents. In early years the mothers bear the brunt, and then the fathers take over; their lot is ulcers, grey hairs, and the belief that nothing is unbreakable. In Cambridge lies buried one Wm. Robers who died, according to his tombstone, in 1697 "aged 47 years and one daughter". When one thinks of the innumerable undergraduates who have bicycled past his resting-place to spend their lectures thinking up new claims upon their fathers' hard-taxed incomes, it seems as good a way as any of computing the age of parents.

* * * *

Taking all into account, Podalirius, our parents seem to have survived parenthood pretty well. No doubt we shall too. Child psychology apart, we have much on our side. We can, for instance, make sure that nutritionally we are equipped to withstand the rigours (both physical and mental) of our parenthood. True, our food today often lacks vital nutriment, but such deficiencies are easily corrected. How? Simply by sprinkling a little Bemax on our food each day. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man.

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The Listener

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CROSSWORD NO. 1,483

Thinking about Peace

J. P. CORBETT on ideologies and the peril to mankind

A REMARKABLE correspondence took place last winter in *The New Statesman* about the present perils to mankind. It began with an open letter from Lord Russell to President Eisenhower and to Mr. Khrushchev, in which he pointed out what seemed to him an obvious contradiction in the policies of their two nations. Each of them believes in progress, and therefore in the future of the race. In addition, each believes that progress depends on the universal adoption of their particular social system, even to the extent of preparing to make war on its behalf with nuclear weapons. But war with nuclear weapons would result not in the victory of either but in the destruction of both.

The contradiction is therefore plain: each side is preparing to assert its own particular scheme of progress by means which would destroy mankind. So Lord Russell invited his two correspondents to recognize this common contradiction, to admit openly that their aims can no longer be attained by war, to agree that competition between their rival systems of society must be pacific, and so to remove one major obstacle to practical negotiations for the sake of peace. What at the very least is needed is that the two sides should cease to attack each other's creeds; for such attacks can only exacerbate the present tension and so make more probable the catastrophe which each, on its own principle of progress, is committed to avoid.

This argument was answered first by Mr. Khrushchev and then by Mr. Dulles on behalf of the American President; but Mr. Dulles's letter stung Mr. Khrushchev to another long reply before Lord Russell wound up the debate. However you look at them, those answers were impressive. The deep sincerity of Mr. Dulles stood out like granite; and Mr. Khrushchev's sense of destiny moved through his second letter like a tide. Yet their letters gave Lord Russell little satisfaction. Both, as he put

it, 'acknowledge that a nuclear war would defeat the purposes of both parties equally, but neither draws the moral that the acerbity of their disagreements must be lessened, since this acerbity greatly increases the likelihood of nuclear war'.

Far, indeed, from lessening the acerbity of their disagreements, each of Lord Russell's correspondents accused the other's social system of every kind of vice, while claiming every virtue for his own. The other system was a tyranny, resting solely upon force; a conspiracy, aiming to subvert the world for the purely selfish purposes of a ruling clique; an organized hypocrisy, putting out myths about itself which could not honestly be believed by anyone who knows the facts. Mr. Dulles, standing firm upon the natural and imprescriptible rights of man, which he believed to be truly embodied in American society, could see communism only as an insidious and utterly destructive power, with which there could be no kind of compromise because its leaders were wholly unscrupulous and insincere; while Mr. Khrushchev, swept forward by his sense of the inevitable course of history, supremely embodied in the Russian people, could see the West only in terms of the brutal exploitation of the masses of mankind by a handful of monopolists who would never shrink at war and who conceal their real intentions behind a screen of empty phrases eulogizing freedom, prosperity, and peace.

So not even Lord Russell's incomparable powers of logic and persuasion could achieve his end; indeed, I suppose that, if anything, he heightened the intellectual tension between East and West that he was hoping to allay. But why did he fail? That is the important question. We, our children and our grandchildren are, as he says, in deadly peril, a peril so deadly that no matter how small we may believe the influence of political ideas to be, we ought to do anything we can to make them work for peace. But where Lord Russell's straight appeal to reason

failed, what other method offers better prospects of success?

In Lord Russell's letters there were indications that he was unsure about the character of political beliefs, and therefore about the best way of calming their dissensions. On the whole I think he assumed that such competing ideologies are something like competing scientific or historical theories, theories which people can be argued out of by appeal to fact or logic, even if they find the process of surrender mortifying to their pride. In this vein he sarcastically observes that, since his correspondents could not follow him from his indisputable premisses to his inescapable conclusion, they, like the generality of politicians, must be stupid. But then he did also refer to these political beliefs as 'creeds', a word which carries different implications; and in one place he said that his correspondents appear as rival fanatics, each blinded to obvious facts by mental blinkers. But if it is creeds and blinding fanaticisms with which we have to deal, then it is no use hoping much from appeals to reason, and it may well be more expedient not to make them. The crucial task is therefore to investigate the functions of such political ideas, with an eye to discovering the best way to escape from their dissensions.

Conflicts Endangering Our Existence

The main function of political ideas is to express in a concise and pungent form the political attitudes which some group of people feels that it must consolidate within itself, foster in society at large and set up against those of its opponents. All experience goes to show that common action for great ends requires this deep co-ordination of belief. Statesmen cannot do their job of fusing the multifarious pressures which compose society into a coherent course of action without the help of some few, simple, strong ideas, capable of penetrating deep into the individual mind and shaping it towards a common purpose. Self-styled 'realists' may play down the importance of this process; but they are refuted by the actions of the men who really ought to know, the powerful and successful statesmen. Imagine Sir Winston Churchill's wartime speeches without those references to 'this island people' and the like, with all the wealth of common sentiment and resolution which they evoke! Surely it was Sir Winston's unique capacity to say that kind of thing that gave him his unique authority, his power to mobilize the mind and heart of every one of us for war? But equally the rulers of America could not have taken hold of millions of European immigrants, or the rulers of Russia of millions of illiterate peasants, and formed them into two great, coherent industrial societies, without the use of those compelling pictures of society whose conflict now endangers our existence.

All such social pictures are inherently aggressive. They are the intellectual means whereby one social group or movement summons up its will in order to impose it upon others; and they serve this purpose by representing everything connected with the group or movement in a favourable light. Mr. Khrushchev, for example, gives in his second letter a glowing picture of the relations between the Communist Party and the people, and he confidently inserts the events in Hungary as just one episode in the unanimous and heroic march of the people. Indeed, his addiction to the marxist myth of history went so far that even when he had granted the complete destructiveness of nuclear weapons he fell back on the belief that if the imperialists unleashed another war the people—in his sense—would surely not tolerate the capitalist system any longer. As if the thick volumes of *Das Kapital* could shield 'the people' from the blast and radiation of a hydrogen bomb!

But if the main function of political ideas is not, like that of physical ideas, to help us to explain events but rather to assemble the vast miscellany of social sentiment and bring it to the point of action, then it is easy to see why neither of Lord Russell's correspondents could publicly surrender to his logic; for to have done so would have been to rip up the subtle web of thought which binds them and their fellow-countrymen together into a common line of action. Both men see the whole significance of their political lives in terms of their particular doctrine. They are wedded by it to their fellow-citizens; they depend upon it for their purpose, their authority, their strength. So, when changing circumstances lead these doctrines into contradiction, it is not that in failing to respond to logic politicians show themselves

peculiarly obstinate or stupid, but simply that they are politicians and consequently are not free to change their ideas, or not at least to change them as promptly as the detached observer may desire.

But we all live on the same planet and, as President Eisenhower himself has lately said, neither side can now hope to dominate the other. So how can we hope to break this deadlock of ideas and find new principles of common action? By arguments like Lord Russell's, inviting rational debate upon the shared assumption that the old ideas are dead? I do not think so. Political theories never are refuted; they are simply dropped. Indeed, since their function is to build up one set of social attitudes against the rest, they thrive on opposition and, as this correspondence amply showed, can swallow any contradiction. The more you remind men of their ideological positions with an eye to make them change, the more you confirm them in their old habits. The situation is entirely different from that in which a number of historians or scientists are united under accepted common principles of method in the pursuit of truth, so that each one of them can be obliged by logic to withdraw from a position.

There, to state the position and show the untenable consequences is both proper and effective; but in politics, where the aim is victory and the function of ideas is to give strength, the product of theoretical discussion is always heat and never light. Whoever heard of a discussion of the principle of nationalization that increased agreement, even here in England where the temper of politics is much more pragmatic than it is upon the international stage? Plainly, if political ideas can lead Mr. Khrushchev to fancy that 'the people' can survive the hydrogen bomb and Mr. Dulles to assert as he did that America has never behaved aggressively to other Powers, peaceful debate between them must be impossible, and all attempts to get one going can only sharpen up the enmities and drive each party back to thoughts of force, no matter how irrational such thoughts may be. But then, if debate is worse than useless, in what other way can we proceed?

In politics there are times for silence, just as much as there are times for speech. While there are occasions when men require the proclamation of a common faith, there are others when it is only in the silence of theory that new common actions, and so eventually new common thoughts, can start to grow. We are living now in such a twilight. The price of human survival is that we all must sacrifice at least part of our political ideas; but these ideas are so fixed and comprehensive that we cannot make concessions or argue our way out of them to something new.

New Forms of Common Action

But all political experience suggests that in this kind of situation there is only one profitable method of attack. We must try not to think of any social issues in the set terms prescribed by either theory, however much we may prefer the one competing system to the other. More, we must refuse to debate their merits. More, we should not even raise the question of debate between them. Instead, all our attention must be fixed upon the practical points which any settlement involves; and any introduction of an ideological theme, no matter how congenial, should be put aside as pointless. That is the way in which, for instance, Catholics and Protestants came to live in peace with one another. No point of doctrine was ever settled, no agreement to differ was ever reached, but thought and action were divided by a quiet scepticism, and new forms of common action grew up between parties who seemed to be irreconcilable.

If all of us who think about these matters can achieve a like steady, hopeful scepticism towards the prevailing principles of politics, then our own statesmen will be encouraged and empowered to do so too. They may then forbear from the ideological vituperations to which they also frequently give way, and when they reach the conference table they will use what influence they have to prevent the minds of others from resorting to them. I am convinced that common sense throughout the world is rising in revolt against these deadly formulae; and if we all had half Lord Russell's courage and applied it not to maintaining or debating doctrines but to putting them firmly into the background and to demanding that our representatives, in all their thoughts, their speeches, and their negotiations should do the same, I believe that we should really achieve something for ourselves, our children, and mankind.—*Home Service*

The Right to Strike

Two talks on the power of trade unions

I—By A TRADE-UNION SOLICITOR

IN any time of industrial and economic strain, as at present when unemployment is going up and production going down, the instinctive reaction of the Tories is to make the workers pay by attacking wages and social services. They realize that a leading bulwark against the success of such a policy is the power of the trade-union movement, and they naturally seek ways and means of reducing its strength.

It is, therefore, not without significance that the Inns of Court Conservative and Unionist Society has chosen this particular moment to produce a booklet, *A Giant's Strength**, setting out proposals for the reform of trade unions and their powers. This society is not without influence in Conservative circles. It speaks for the more moderate sections of the party and its proposals deserve serious consideration as indicating the policy which, if they have the chance, they will try to implement in the future.

Naturally, they pay particular regard to the right to strike. It is a little strange that everyone accepts this as a fundamental freedom, but when people actually decide to take advantage of that right, there is always an outcry. Freedom to strike, it seems, is all right provided that no one exercises it.

In the last year for which figures are available, there were 8,000,000 working days lost through strikes. This is regrettable, but it is worth emphasizing that in the corresponding period 19,000,000 days were lost through industrial accidents and 275,000,000 days through sickness. These figures put the problem in perspective. The right to strike has for generations been accepted as a fundamental freedom as, indeed, it is. Such a freedom should not be interfered with unless there is clear evidence that it is being abused, and the figures demonstrate that this is not the case.

The booklet first considers whether all strikes should be made illegal, and graciously decides that this is not 'expedient'. They concede that if, in accordance with Conservative policy, employers and financiers are to be free to do exactly as they please, they can hardly hope to restrain all freedom of action on the part of the workers.

What exactly are their proposals? First, they deal with official strikes and urge that before any such strike may take place there shall be an inquiry. Such inquiry is for 'compensating for the ignorance and blindness of the parties as to what is in their long-term interest . . . it must isolate and define the political and social considerations involved . . . it must provide a deterrent

to unreasonable and irresponsible action'. We are not told who shall constitute this 'independent tribunal', nor the principles on which it will work. This tribunal gives its report. And then, it is proposed, there must be a fourteen-day delay. For what? To enable 'a well-informed public opinion' to come into being which will be 'accurately and clearly apprised' of the facts as 'impartially ascertained' by such inquiry.

What does all this mean in practice? First of all, surely it is somewhat impertinent for a group of lawyers to talk about the 'ignorance or blindness' and irresponsibility of the leaders not

only of unions but also of employers who, as the figures show, have handled the thorny problems of industrial negotiation with remarkably little friction. Then there is this 'well-informed public opinion' on which the booklet lays such stress. What is it? Who is going to measure it? Who is going to apprise it of the facts? Can we trust the press and other media always to present the facts fully and fairly? Obviously, any union or group of employers, when considering possible strike or lock-out action, will weigh up the facts as it sees them and will have in mind the possible reactions of the general



A meeting in Trafalgar Square during the strike by London busmen earlier this year

public, a large proportion of which, I need hardly say, are in the trade-union movement. But it is unrealistic to expect experienced and practical men, paying full regard to the national interest and the rights of those whom they are paid to safeguard, to have their conduct determined by an 'independent inquiry' conducted by heaven knows who, working on some unknown principles and backed up by 'public opinion'. And if any union, acting in 'ignorance or blindness', decides to call a strike in advance of this solemn farce, all its accumulated funds are put in jeopardy.

There are many industrial issues where this whole suggested procedure becomes nonsensical. Take the case of the victimization of a shop steward, or a dispute about redundancy. The only way for the workers to defend themselves in such a case is by immediate action. Time is of the essence. The delay proposed would mean, in practice, that a union could never take effective action in such cases in protection of its members.

One is entitled to ask whether the present proposals really represent the Tories' full ambitions? One suspects that what they would really like is not just that the 'independent tribunal' shall guide 'public opinion', but that it should fix wages in accordance with government policy, and that the unions should be bound by its decisions. This would represent the end of industrial negotiation as we know it and, indeed, of a free labour market. At the time of the London bus strike, government supporters repeatedly tried to infer that the strike was wrong because the arbitration

award was legally binding. It is nothing of the sort; the whole propaganda was thoroughly dishonest, but this sort of talk shows the direction of their thoughts and justifies one in viewing the present rather woolly proposals with considerable suspicion.

What about unofficial strikes—those without official union backing? Easy: make them illegal, prosecute the strikers, send them to prison, sue them for damages. 'This would', the booklet says, 'do much to strengthen the position of the trade unions'.

The booklet considers the question of whether a strike should be made subject to a preliminary ballot of the union's members. It decides against this, and for a rather interesting reason. This, they say, would make strikes 'more difficult to avoid and, once begun, more difficult to terminate'. It would tie the hands of union negotiators who 'would be entirely at the mercy of extremists'. Where exactly does the threat come from? Is it the union member who must be protected from the 'ignorance or blindness' of his leaders, or is it the unfortunate leader who must be defended from his members?

Sympathetic Strikes

The booklet deals with sympathetic strikes. A sympathetic strike comes about in this way. A direct industrial dispute arises in a particular industry, it is not settled and a stoppage of work takes place. Since no industry is entirely self-supporting, workers in allied industries may find themselves called upon to do the work which the strikers are refusing to handle; they find themselves acting as blacklegs, which no right-thinking man will do. They therefore down tools in sympathy. The booklet does not go so far as to say that such a sympathetic strike should be illegal. All it does is to compel it to be useless. It proposes that no sympathetic strike be legal unless and until the issues involved have gone before its 'independent tribunal' and the fourteen-day delay occurs. From a practical point of view, they might just as well declare them illegal and have done with it. The only point in sympathetic strike action is that it is sympathetic—that is, that it is of some immediate practical use to the workers currently on strike, and the booklet's proposal entirely nullifies the whole purpose of such action.

Finally, the booklet deals with what it calls a political strike. This is defined as 'a strike the dominant purpose of which is to coerce a government (or to arrogate some function of government, such as the withdrawal or promotion of legislation or the control or migration of trade)'. This, they say, should be made illegal, a crime.

Let us consider what this actually means. Miners or railwaymen, let us say, demand more pay. The National Coal Board or the British Transport Commission, both nationalized industries, accept the justice of the claim but say they cannot afford to meet it. The Government says it is not prepared, as a matter of policy, to make more money available. The union concerned calls a strike. What is the 'dominant purpose' of such a strike? Clearly, it is an industrial dispute; the men want more money. It is also a political strike; the union is trying to 'coerce the government' to change its financial policy. Who is to decide which is the dominant purpose? A judge? Really now, is it reasonable to expect Arthur Horner or Sidney Greene, or anyone else in these circumstances, to gamble his union's whole financial assets and his own personal liberty on a lawyer's interpretation? Of course not. The practical effect of the proposal is, and is intended to be, to make impossible any and every strike in a nationalized industry.

To sum up, what is proposed are severe restrictions on official industrial strikes, prohibition of unofficial strikes, the rendering ineffective of sympathetic strikes and strikes on victimization and redundancy issues, and the effective banning of all strikes in nationalized industries. This is class warfare with a vengeance.

The next matter dealt with in the booklet is that weary old hobby horse, restrictive practices. The booklet produces three examples, two of which, from the brief details given, do not appear to be restrictive practices at all. Then it says 'many others could be quoted'. In lieu of quoting these 'many others', it proceeds to produce one that does not exist at all. This is what it says: 'One must remember that restrictive practices vary greatly in their extent. They range from those which may be nearly nation-wide, as for example a limitation by bricklayers on the

daily number of bricks laid'. This allegation is untrue. There never has been such a 'nearly nation-wide' limitation. In fact, the simplest inquiry would have shown the Society that since 1947 the building unions, including the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers, which is the union catering specifically for bricklayers, and their members, have co-operated fully in incentive bonus schemes which are obviously a complete negation of the alleged practice. I challenge the Inns of Court Conservative and Unionist Society to produce one single shred of evidence to support their statement.

In so far as any restrictive practices may occur on the workers' side—and let us not forget that there are many on the employers' side as well—they arise not through any set policy but from a very understandable human feeling: that of a man who is nearing the finish of a job and faces unemployment when it ends. The remedy of this is not to treat him as a criminal but to make sure that he has another job to go to. What the booklet proposes is that alleged trade union restrictive practices should be brought before the Restrictive Practices Court which has been set up to deal with price rings and monopolistic practices by employers and traders. A case of taking a sledge hammer to crack a nut.

By the way, a solicitor who prepares a case in the High Court is himself not entitled to act as advocate. For this he has to instruct someone else, a barrister. On the face of it, this looks mighty like a restrictive practice: two men being paid for one job. There is an excellent reason for it, but is it unfair to suggest that inquiries might be started a little nearer home?

The third question dealt with in the booklet is that of the position of a union member within his own union. The legal position is that a member's relationship with his union is governed by the union's rules which determine their mutual rights and obligations, and amongst very many other things, the right of his union to discipline or expel him for misconduct. Provided the union acts properly in accordance with its rules, it can take such disciplinary action and the courts will not interfere. In this the unions enjoy no special privilege. The same legal position applies, and rightly applies, to the Jockey Club, the Carlton Club, and any other association of people who join together for social, professional, and other purposes. This all works smoothly enough. In the few cases where disciplinary action is necessary, the unions or other bodies concerned act in accordance with their rules and, in the even rarer cases where errors are made in the procedure, the aggrieved member can apply to the courts to get the matter put right.

Elaborate Machinery Proposed

The booklet finds something unbelievably sinister in all this. There is a 'difference in bargaining power between a union and an individual . . . These rules may have been drafted by the union with a careful eye to its own interests. The member joining has no real chance of negotiating with the union about the terms upon which he is to be accepted as a member'. The member, it seems, must be protected against the wicked, unscrupulous trade union. An elaborate machinery is proposed, including inevitably a special court, to deal with the question. After all, they say, there is the Companies Act to protect the interests of shareholders in limited liability companies; there are the Money Lenders Act and the Hire Purchase Act 'which provide safeguards for the weaker party to a contract'. Obviously, so their argument runs, a trade union's attitude to its members is identical with that of unscrupulous sharepushers, moneylenders, and similar financial gentry, and an equally elaborate law is necessary to deal with them.

Whatever kind of people do they imagine trade unionists to be? Have they really no idea of how a trade union works and of the brotherly spirit that pervades and controls union activities? A union is not some monstrous enemy of its members: it is its members. It can have no life apart from its members, no purpose other than serving its members' interests and protecting their rights, fighting their battles for them across the arbitration table, on the picket line, yes, and in the law courts. Not unnaturally, occasionally, in handling thousands of cases, unions have made mistakes: the booklet quotes five cases over the last sixty-five years. But there is no reported case where a trade

union has thrown a man for ever out of his job after having received transcripts of tapped telephone conversations which he had made. No, it was left to one of the Inns of Court to do that in a recent case; and there is no record that the Inns of Court Conservative and Unionist Society lodged any protest against that conduct.

If the real intention of the Society is to urge the Conservative Party into war on the unions and their members, careless of the price to be paid in industrial bitterness, then their proposals are admirably designed for the purpose. If, however, as they claim, they are concerned with making the body politic more healthy, then they would be well advised to ponder the words of their own booklet when it says: 'We must remember that though the law, however good, will not alone solve industrial problems, bad laws may seriously hinder those who seek a practical solution'. Anything more calculated to disrupt the amicable solution of industrial problems than the laws they propose, it would be impossible to imagine.

II—By A CONSERVATIVE M.P.

THIS BOOKLET, *A Giant's Strength*, proposes some modest reforms in the law relating to trade unions. I had expected the trade-union solicitor to examine the proposals and to see if they really would cure the defects in the present state of affairs, for it is arguable that they are so modest as to be ineffective. Not a bit of it! He blandly denies that there is anything in the least wrong to be corrected. His attitude is completely defensive; what was good enough fifty years ago is good enough now. This childish reaction makes my task much easier.

Take his point about restrictive practices. The booklet proposes that a tribunal—perhaps the existing Restrictive Practices Court—should, at the instigation of the state or an aggrieved employer, consider whether or not it is in the public interest for these practices which are so wasteful of labour to continue, the presumption being that they should not unless good cause is shown. Mr. Crawford, the former leader of the Boot and Shoe Operatives Union, has described them as showing 'an attitude of mind too expensive to be borne'. The classical example arises when labour insists on more men working a machine than the employer considers necessary. In each case there may or may not be justification for this insistence, on the grounds, for example, of health or safety. We suggest a dispassionate inquiry.

The difficulty, as always in trade-union law, lies in the enforcement of the finding of the tribunal. Throughout this booklet, we have tried to avoid recommending criminal sanctions. It is impossible and undesirable to prosecute large numbers of workmen for doing things which the community does not really regard as crimes, however wrong-headed or anti-social they may be. Moreover, it is bad that the government of the day should have the responsibility for setting in motion the wheels of the law in such delicate matters. But in this case we made an exception and recommended that it be made a punishable offence to continue or organize the continuance of a restrictive practice that had been declared contrary to the public interest. Although no less sanction seemed to us suitable for the deliberate flouting of the decisions of a court, I am personally not at all happy about this, and was interested to know what sort of solution the trade-union solicitor would suggest for this problem.

His reaction, however, was not to criticize our solution but blandly to ignore the problem altogether. He appeared to deny the existence of restrictive labour practices in the United Kingdom. Has he never heard of the 'bummarees', the Smithfield meat porters who would not allow a trader to load his own lorries with meat unless he paid for the use of bummarees whose services he did not use? And what about the secret courts who fine members for working too hard? Are these cases all inventions? If there are no restrictive practices, why are the T.U.C. and the British Employers Federation conducting a joint investigation, industry by industry, into them?

The same attitude is adopted towards the problem of oppression by trade-union committees and officials of individual members who do not agree with them. The present law, in

our opinion, is inadequate to protect the individual. The trade-union solicitor denies that the individual is ever oppressed. He tells us that all relationships between individual and committee are suffused with brotherly love. I wonder. Even as the law stands now, aggrieved individuals sometimes get to the courts when these committees go much too far. Take the case of Mr. Huntley, a fitter and turner by trade, who did not stop work for twenty-four hours when so instructed by the Amalgamated Engineering Union. He was prevented from getting any work in the Hartlepool district by the district committee. In the words of Mr. Justice Harman, this committee 'were determined to use any weapon ready to their hand to vindicate their authority and grossly abused the quite frightening powers at their command. The threat "to withdraw all labour" from any employer daring to engage one of their own members whom they had elected to protect was, as events showed, effective enough, even though they had, as they well knew, no right to take any such step'. Is this brotherly love?

Yet the solicitor contrasts the brotherly love of the trade unionists with the savagery of the Bar towards its frailer members and instances the recent expulsion from the Bar of Mr. Marrinan. I am glad to accept that challenge. For one of the significant features of that case was that Mr. Marrinan had the right to appeal, and did in fact appeal, from his expulsion by his Inn of Court to an outside body. Such a right of appeal is one of the reforms we advocate for expelled trade unionists. It applies in one form or another to professional men, such as solicitors or doctors; the power of expulsion cannot be operated solely at the desire of members of those professions. In the case of trade unionists, however, provided the rules are observed, there is no appeal to any outside body. And the rules, as we know from those of the Electrical Trades Union, can be so strangely drawn as to give the ruling clique vast and apparently permanent power.

A great many of the proposals in our booklet hinge upon this question of the rules of trade unions. We think that the registrar of friendly societies should have pretty strong powers of scrutinizing the rules and the working of the rules of trade unions and of disallowing those which do not come up to certain minimum standards of fairness, of openness, of clarity, and of democracy. The solicitor says that this would be a monstrous interference with the private affairs of the unions, and compares their position to that of social clubs who can admit or expel who they like without accounting to any outside body. The parallel is false. To be expelled from a social club may cause distress. To be expelled from a trade union may cause ruin. It ruined Mr. Bonsor, a musical director who was expelled from the Musicians Union and who could thereafter get no job in the musical world owing to the closed shop operated by the union. A much closer parallel lies with a company incorporated under the Companies Act. There, in order to protect members, the rules governing the constitution of the company and their operation lie under close and continuous scrutiny.

Two Rules Not Recommended

There are two rules, which, contrary to some opinions, we do not recommend should be made compulsory. We do not think it right or indeed possible to forbid the operation of a closed shop; all we say is that in cases where a closed shop is operated, the power of expulsion from the union must be especially carefully limited. Nor do we recommend that there must be provision for a secret ballot before a strike is called. The National Union of Mineworkers already has some such rule, but it does not seem to help towards lessening the number of hours lost through labour disputes in the coal-mining industry. The trade-union solicitor chides us for inconsistency in not advocating a compulsory secret ballot. There are certainly strong theoretical arguments in favour of it, just as there are strong theoretical arguments in favour of a reform of our parliamentary electoral system. But we had the feeling, strong and none the worse for simply being a feeling, that this was not an essential reform and that we should here apply the good Conservative principle: 'Where it is not necessary to alter the law, it is necessary not to alter it'.

Nevertheless, we are not so wedded to the *status quo* as is the trade-union solicitor. One of the rules that we thought should

always appear is a provision by which a strike can only be called to take effect fourteen days after a fact-finding tribunal has laid bare to the public the real issues in dispute. This compulsory 'cooling-off period' is not something we have just dreamed up. It represents the experience of many countries, Canada in particular. It depends upon the fact that, given time, there may well be second thoughts among the parties, and also upon the influence of an informed public opinion, which if given a chance can, in the modern world, become a potent force. This is particularly so in the case of demarcation disputes between unions. You will remember the notorious 'screw strike' which held up all work in a Clyde shipyard for many weeks because each union claimed for its own members the exclusive right to drill certain holes. It is true that in many industries the sort of procedure we envisage is already in operation, in which case no objection will presumably be taken to the rule. Other industries, however, are afflicted with lightning strikes which are often automatically adopted as 'official' by some unions, though not by all.

The trade-union solicitor says that this procedure would render futile some strikes, such as sympathetic strikes and strikes against victimization. Why should it? Why should not a strike three weeks after an employer has sacked a man be as damaging to that employer as one that occurs three hours afterwards? Why should not the knowledge that a sympathetic strike in another industry will take place in the near future hearten those already on strike? It is arguable that these two classes of strikes will not be as potent as at present, but it is an extravagance of language to say that they would be futile.

A Fact-finding Tribunal

It will be observed that the duty of the tribunal we suggest is purely one of finding and publishing the facts. We have no enthusiasm for, and were careful to avoid any suggestion of, compulsory arbitration, with an award binding on the parties. The solicitor says gratuitously that compulsory arbitration would represent the end of industrial negotiation as we know it. I agree.

All these new rules and regulations, it may be said, are fine and large, but what happens if no one observes them? Supposing a union does not submit its rules to the Registrar? Or supposing workmen strike in defiance of the rules or of the union? The sanction we propose is, broadly speaking, financial. No union or body of workmen whose rules are not approved by the Registrar or who act in defiance of such rules would enjoy all the legal privileges conferred on trade unions by present statutes. Lifted, for example, would be the immunity of trade unions and workmen from actions by employers or third parties for torts—civil wrongs such as conspiracy or inducing breaches of contract.

Will this sanction be sufficient? Will people, whether they be individual trade unionists or employers or third parties, who have been damaged by unregistered unions or bodies of workmen disregarding the rules, take action in their own defence? Are such people now so used to relying upon public authority for their protection that they would be slow to defend themselves. I do not know. And the trade-union solicitor offers no opinion on this point. Certainly the trade unions used to attach great importance to their privileged legal position. They fought for it tenaciously at the beginning of this century. Whereas other people may say loftily that these large matters of industrial relations are not susceptible to legal solutions, the trade unions themselves have never taken that view. With memories of the *Taff Vale* decision, they would be the first to admit the sting of the sanction of civil actions for damages against them by private persons. In the modern world, the same might even go for actions against individual workmen who are often worth a good deal of powder and shot.

In the booklet we recommended that the political strike, that is to say a strike the dominant purpose of which is to coerce the government, shall be declared illegal. Our reason was that the law is now in a state of doubt on this point. No one knows whether purely political strikes are legal or illegal, the better opinion seeming to be that they are still illegal. We therefore harkened to the words of the late Lord Asquith of Bishopstone who remarked: 'A country whose law gives no clear answer to the question whether [such a] strike is legal or not deserves a succession of [them] to concentrate its mind'.

The trade-union solicitor's objection to such a declaration is that in the modern world, and particularly in nationalized industries, strikes are often and of necessity designed to coerce the government in the sense that the strikers may want an increased subvention or subsidy from the government to help pay their wage claims. For once, I think he has a good point. If political strikes are to be declared illegal—and I do not myself attach so much importance to this proposal as did Lord Asquith—they must be narrowly defined, certainly so as to exclude a strike in a nationalized industry for higher wages or better conditions. What we had in mind by a political strike was a strike designed to force a government to alter its policy, for example its foreign policy, in a field not connected with the conditions of work in the industry in question. Such a strike, more familiar abroad, is the negation of parliamentary democracy here.

Throughout his talk, the trade-union solicitor was at pains to minimize the bad effects of strikes upon the national economy. He quoted the familiar figures, which we ourselves used, to show that every year more man-hours are lost through sickness or accidents than through strikes. He did not, however, complete the quotation. For the man-hours lost in strikes, concentrated as they may be in two or three industries in a short space of time, are fifty times more damaging to the economy than the man-hours lost through sickness which are spread over the whole working population throughout the year.

Furthermore, the incidence of strikes is not the heart of the matter. Owing to their enormous power, of which their privileged legal position is one constituent part, the unions frequently get their way when perhaps they should not. Strikes, like warfare, only occur when one side or the other has miscalculated the balance of power. They are the exception rather than the rule. The rule is settlement, settlement on terms that reflect the respective bargaining powers of the parties. Whereas a hundred years ago labour had too little bargaining power, it is arguable that today it has too much, and that all sorts of national evils, such as the wages spiral and inflation, have resulted therefrom.

Again, take a dispute between management and shop floor about the number of men to be employed upon a machine. In ninety-nine out of a hundred of such disputes there is no strike because management simply gives in. The dice are loaded against it. Yet the national interest, in terms of costs and better deployment of manpower, may suffer in the long run even more than if management had stuck to its guns and a strike had followed. To diminish strikes, important though that object is, does not represent our sole ambition.

Strengthening Powers of T.U.C.

Throughout the booklet, we have tried to suggest ways and means of strengthening the powers and authority of the T.U.C., particularly over such vexed problems as demarcation disputes, membership disputes, and recognition of unions. We realize that the T.U.C. knows far more about these things than anyone else and that if only it would or could put them right there would be less need for legislation. The urgency, for example, of legislation to protect the rights of individual trade unionists would diminish if the T.U.C. could take in hand the task of reforming the constitution of the Electrical Trades Union and of breaking the stranglehold of the dominant communist clique.

I do not know whether it has the strength or the will to do this. I hope it has, for let us freely admit that reform by others in defiance of the T.U.C. will be based on inadequate knowledge and may make many mistakes. That is why I find so depressing the attitude of the trade-union solicitor in refusing to admit that there were any defects to be cured, that the law was fixed for all time fifty years ago, and that any suggestions for reform were inspired by malice and a desire to wage class warfare. People as sensitive to criticism as that usually have a good deal to hide. The world has changed during these fifty years, faster than ever before, and the law in this field as in others must reflect such changes, or it will fall into contempt. Whether or not changes in the law, which must come, will be well and wisely made depends enormously on the co-operation of the trade unions themselves. For they know best how and where the shoe pinches, even if, so far, they have refused to admit that there is any pinch at all.

—Third Programme

The Eve of the American Elections

ALISTAIR COOKE on the off-shore islands and other topics

A COUPLE of days ago* I found myself in a suburb of Detroit, Michigan, facing an audience that was described by a Republican present as 'substantial God-fearing citizens', and by a Democrat as 'a captive herd of black Republicans'. At lunch the audience passed up little notes in the form of questions, and the first one was a blockbuster about Chiang Kai-shek and those two islands. The way the question was put confirmed me in my stubborn suspicion of public opinion polls, where so often the question comes at you not in a cool and objective way like: 'Do you think the recession of last spring will hurt the Republicans most or the Democrats most?' but: 'Will the Republican recession give the Democrats an overwhelming majority in the new Congress?'

The Loaded Question

The questions may never be loaded as shamelessly as that, but too often they carry a strong hint of what I can only call North Country persuasiveness. In the English North Country, where I was born, there is a grammatical form that has been, I believe, so far overlooked by school teachers. It consists of putting the phrase 'Isn't it?' at the end of propositions that are extremely doubtful in the first place.

The first question that came at me when the lunch was over did not say: 'What is the attitude of the United Kingdom towards our policy of defending Chiang Kai-shek in the off-shore islands of Quemoy and Matsu?' It said: 'Why don't the British back us up in defending the off-shore islands against the Chinese Communists?' I answered as truthfully as I knew how, and I will tell you what I said in case I misrepresented what seemed to be the majority opinion of the British people—as also, for once, of the British press.

I said: 'I think I can explain the British view by putting the question in another form. Why didn't the United States Navy back up the British in their recent little foray with the Iceland fishing fleet? The answer is that it was none of America's business, and the British don't think Quemoy and Matsu are any of their business. However, as onlookers and members of the United Nations they take the view that the off-shore islands are indefensible, both militarily and perhaps morally. Militarily, they believe it was a mistake to let Chiang fortify them in the first place and bait the Chinese by transferring as many of his soldiers as he did—some authorities say 400,000 or 500,000 at one time. The British say that, though in the age of missiles and jets there will always be remote corners of the globe that must be defended in principle, in good sense the case is very slim for sending Americans 10,000 miles to defend two islands that are within a few miles of the Chinese mainland and that have always belonged to the power that dominated China, however loathsome that power might be. The British doubt that if the matter was brought to the International Court of Justice, the Court would rule that the islands belong to anybody else but the Chinese. The British think that the Chinese feel no worse than residents of Connecticut and Massachusetts would feel if, after the last war, the Russians had installed a Polish army on Long Island and Nantucket, and were now being asked to defend them, or even to consider an invasion of the coast of New England across Long Island Sound'.

Mr. Dulles and Chiang Kai-shek

I heard no more from my questioner, and it may be that I am putting into your mouths the strongest case against defending the islands at all. However, I do this now with less misgiving since the Democrats, Mr. Stevenson in particular, have blasted the Administration's position since Mr. Dulles, a fortnight ago, thought aloud that perhaps the islands were indefensible, and since, after his visit with Chiang Kai-shek, Chiang has had to

climb down and promise to abandon his dream of invading the Chinese mainland.

I expect that during the coming week, which is the last week of campaigning before the election of November 4, we shall hear less and less of Quemoy and Matsu which have stirred up such a rumpus during the late summer. I go into it at length for the paradoxical reason that this rumpus does not seem to be of deep concern to the American people; not, at least, the American people I have seen or talked to or read about throughout the south, the south-west, the west and the middle west. The most surprising thing about the issues of this election is the sudden disappearance, as issues, of American foreign policy and Mr. Sherman Adams. The Democrats were saying only a month ago that the off-shore islands and the embarrassment of Mr. Adams's relations with that Boston industrialist would knock over Republican candidates like ninepins. In the farming mid-west I heard young farmers mention the off-shore islands but only because they are impatient in general with any foreign policy that involves the United States in remote places, to say nothing of the United Nations: which I think is an odd and significant return, among the young generation, to the mulish isolationism which we all thought was cured for ever by the second world war.

Lack-Lustre Interest

But elsewhere there is only the most lack-lustre interest in the argument over Chiang. And, judging from past experience, the worst thing that can happen to a friend of the United States is not that people should argue about supporting him but that people should grow bored with him. The late Senator McCarthy was cut down to size not, I regret to say, by a popular moral revulsion against his character and his tactics but by the fact that he was exposed on television for five weeks and wearied the viewers as much as the witnesses. In the end, he made the enormous error of snubbing the United States Senate, an exclusive club that will take no nonsense from its members in the matter of courtesy and custom.

Similarly I should guess that Chiang Kai-shek has never before been talked about so little. His cause is in a bad way, for, as Americans politicians say: 'I don't care what you write about me so long as you write, and spell my name right'. As for Sherman Adams, I have not heard his name mentioned once in a month's tour of the country.

What, then, are the issues in the election that will elect a wholly new House of Representatives, a third of the Senate, and many Governors of States? So far as I can see there are no issues, not one that unites or divides the whole country. Of course it is very meek and satisfying to Washington correspondents, that is to say correspondents who live their lives in Washington, to think up deep problems that undoubtedly will have to be faced sometime, and then to project them like colour slides on the big blank screen known as the American people. When you get out and talk to the people, what, in brief, do you find? You find that, in the south, people are hounded and harassed and totally preoccupied with segregation; and the chances of a declared integrationist being elected either to a Governor's mansion or a Sheriff's badge are as remote as a British Labour Party man being elected on a platform of restoring child labour.

You will find that, outside the south, people 'tut-tut' over segregation but forget it in their local concern with intensely local issues. I cannot remember a time, or a tour I have taken, in which I had the feeling all the time that in crossing a State border I was moving into another country. In Minnesota, for instance, there is the rare case of an election being fought on the delicate issue of a Catholic versus a Protestant. You could make out a case, sitting in Washington D.C., for considering the

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The Listener

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Almost a Gentleman

BILLY BENNETT, a comedian who flourished in the inter-war years, in the days before the music hall was dying, used to describe himself as 'almost a gentleman'. The precise definition of a gentleman has always been controversial. In a broadcast talk, which is published this week on another page, Mr. Du Boulay, an expert on medieval history, discussed how the term came to be defined as representing a particular status in the fifteenth century. In the social hierarchy the gentleman ranked after the lords, the knights and the squires, but was distinguishable, according to Mr. Du Boulay, by his fine clothes, his property holdings, and his manners. He hunted or hawked and enjoyed 'luxurious amusements'. By the sixteenth century the history of England was dominated by the rise of the gentry, who regarded membership of the House of Commons as an honour rather than a burden, although in fact it was not until the nineteenth century that the House of Lords ceased to supply the bulk of the governing classes.

England has never had a caste system, and though until recent times class distinctions could be defined the boundaries between classes have always been hazy and passage between one class and another not too difficult. In Victorian times a gentleman might be a man who spent his money generously or held his drink well. But he would not necessarily be assumed to be the product of one of the private boarding schools or a person who did not have to earn his living. In the seventeenth century, on the other hand, 'to live like a gentleman' meant spending one's days hunting and one's nights drinking, although it was legitimate to keep accounts of the household expenses. Even in early Victorian times to go into trade, especially retail trade, was scarcely deemed gentlemanly, although by then the professions had become respectable. The notion that an English gentleman is a country squire who lives beyond his income has died hard.

In the United States of America, home of the western pioneers, these old-world ideas about gentility never took hold to the same extent. It is true that in Virginia and other Southern States a gentleman could be detected and defined in the same sort of terms as the English squirarchy. It could be argued that George Washington was selected to be commander-in-chief of the army that fought for independence largely because he was thought to be such a perfect gentleman (though he was not without an eye to the main chance). The stately Southern gentlemen fought and perished in the American Civil War under the leadership of Robert E. Lee. But with the Northern victory Jack became as good as his master and the egalitarian philosophy of life born on the western frontiers made gentlemen relatively unimportant in American society. Yet a certain ambivalence persisted, and it was commonly said that the Americans liked British ambassadors and visiting lecturers to behave like 'English gentlemen' instead of trying to be 'hail-fellow-well-met' slappers-upon-the-back. Today this modern sense of egalitarianism is penetrating British society. The public schools have their backs to the wall; the gentlemen's clubs are struggling against high rates and rising costs; the Angry Young Men of today rail against the dying domination of the gentry. In the next generation the most anyone will wish to claim is, possibly, that he is 'almost a gentleman'.

What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments on foreign affairs

LAST WEEK COMMENTATORS divided their attention between General de Gaulle's offer of cease-fire talks to the Algerian rebels; Mr. Khrushchev's offer of a loan to Egypt; the visit of President Heuss to London; Mr. Dulles's visit to Formosa; and the award of the Nobel Prize for literature to Mr. Boris Pasternak.

On October 25, the Algerian Government in Cairo rejected General de Gaulle's offer of talks in Paris about a cease-fire. In Tunisia President Bourguiba, and in France newspapers of all shades of opinion except Communist, welcomed the General's offer. *Le Figaro* was quoted as saying that the democratic way had been opened in Algeria:

But there can be no discussion until the sound of arms has ceased. What will the future be? General de Gaulle described it without equivocation: a close association with France, taking account of the 'courageous personality of Algeria' and of the fact that the departments of North Africa will have to be closely linked with the free States of Tunisia and Morocco.

On October 23, Moscow radio announced that Mr. Khrushchev, speaking at a reception in honour of Field-Marshal Amir, Vice-President of the United Arab Republic, had offered to grant a loan of 400,000,000 roubles towards constructing the Aswan Dam. From Cairo, the Egyptian press was quoted as hailing the loan as a further triumph for the policy of 'peaceful co-operation' between the Soviet Union and the United Arab Republic. Comment was interspersed with attacks on the West. The day before the offer of the loan, Moscow's radio home and Arabic services carried the text of Mr. Khrushchev's speech at an earlier reception for Field-Marshal Amir. He stressed that 'disinterested' aid to underdeveloped countries was a cardinal feature of Soviet policy, in contrast with the aid offered by 'imperialist' states, which took the form of 'setting up military bases, dispatching their troops and supplying rocket weapons'.

Mr. Khrushchev, whose speech followed one by Amir saying 'the struggle against imperialism goes on', went on to claim that the U.S.S.R. always opposed the enslavement or oppression of other countries. In face of the might of the socialist camp, the imperialists were now 'lions who no longer frighten the peoples by their roaring'.

A number of newspapers in West Germany expressed disappointment at the cool reception given by the British public and press to President Heuss, as distinct from the official welcome. In the words of *Der Tag*, in British eyes 'he came with clean hands as the head of a nation of black sheep'. But *Frankfurter Neue Presse* was quoted as saying:

The last German-British conflicts have been buried; the signs are that future developments will be favourable. The profound change in German-British relations must fill all Europeans with satisfaction.

A Moscow broadcast to Germany described the speeches in Buckingham Palace as 'hypocritical' and declared that British diplomacy was not interested in German unity. According to the East German radio, President Heuss, in his Guildhall speech, had called on the British Government to support Bonn's plans for 'aggression against the German Democratic Republic and the socialist camp'. The 'icy' reception accorded to President Heuss was contrasted with the 'triumphal welcome' allegedly given to the Soviet leaders on their visit to London.

Commenting on Mr. Dulles's visit to Formosa, Moscow radio said that its object was

the intensification of the policy of adventure and provocation of People's China, and the drawing up of plans for a new adventure in the Taiwan Straits area.

The Chinese decision to suspend bombardment of Quemoy had been taken from 'humanitarian considerations'; responsibility for its resumption lay at the door of the United States. The *New York Herald Tribune*, quoted from the United States, said that the whole world would be asking the Communists: 'If you stop the shooting for humanitarian reasons, do you resume it for inhumane reasons?'

Did You Hear That?

HOW TO CHOOSE A TOURING CAR

'WHAT WOULD YOU TELL people to look for in a car for touring or use in Europe?' This was a question put last week to the racing driver STIRLING MOSS as he looked round the British Motor Show at Earl's Court, London. His answer was broadcast in 'Enterprise', a programme in London Calling Europe.

Moss said: 'One of the first things I would look for is a car that is going to be reliable. I think you want a car that has adequate shock absorbing, adequate brakes, a high cruising speed, and reasonable economy. I think British cars are continually getting far better. I have tested many cars this year and without exception they are much better than I hoped they could be. And they are the same makes of car that I tested last year.

'Among developments I would like to see in the future are more automatic gear boxes. They do make driving easier. We are getting better visibility now with the "wrap-around" screens but I would like to achieve more silence. I think perhaps that ought to be the next thing to be studied.

'There is much talk at the moment about safety gadgets in cars. But I believe that safety comes from the driver, and not because the steering wheel is shaped in a peculiar fashion or the dashboard is padded with rubber. (I think you normally go through the windscreen and not the dashboard anyway!) If we are trying to sell to America, the big companies there are spending so much money on such gimmicks that perhaps we might as well cash in on it. But I do not honestly think that a padded dashboard is going to save your life'.

A CALL ON GEORGE PREWER

'Many factors contributed to my interest in antiques', said MICHAEL HOME in 'Through East Anglian Eyes'. 'When my father used to take me to Norwich on Saturday mornings his time would be spent at Spellman's horse sale and it was convenient therefore park me, as it were, at the Castle Museum. Then there had been the two volumes on antiques included in a job lot of books my father had picked up at an auction, and I soon had those illustrated books by heart. There came the day when, after blood, sweat, and poaching, I had saved the enormous sum of ten shillings and this I wanted to invest. So, on a lovely morning of early September, I walked the mile to the tiny farm in Breckles Lane. I had hardly opened the gate and gone through when I heard a bellow. "Hi! Where d'you reckon you're a-goin'?"

'It was George Prewer. I remembered him from his chapel days, but only just'. [Mr. Home explained that his father had advised him to see Mr. Prewer, though his mother had said he was an old miser whose house was filthy and never came to chapel.] 'Miraculously, he seemed to be remembering me. "Ain't you Charles Home's boy?"

"That's right, Mr. Prewer", I said nervously. "My father said I was to call and see how you were".

'The kitchen door was wide open and a couple of hens flew out as we went in. George chased some more out with his stick. Never had I seen such a sight as that kitchen. It was more of a meal-shed than anything else. And then I noticed something. Under the dust that almost covered the rush seats, the legs and the backs, I could make out a pair of cottage Chippendale chairs. Something told me that I ought to buy them, even if it meant using the whole of my capital. I nervously moistened my lips.

"Er—Mr. Prewer, do you think you'd like to sell those two chairs?"

'His head went sideways for a moment as he gave the chairs a look. A sack of meal stood on one of them. "Reckon I wouldn't mind. Not if I was bid what they was wuth".

"Well, I'd like to buy them, Mr. Prewer".

"Well", he said slowly. "Reckon they ow't to be wuth half-a-crown?" The half-crown was out of my pocket in a flash. He spat on it for luck. We might have been two dealers on Norwich Hill. "Thank you, Mr. Prewer", I said. "Is there anything else you'd like to sell?"

'There was an oil painting in a period frame, and not heavy because it was un-

glazed. I shall never forget my first sight of it. It was a half-length portrait of a woman in a mauve dress with a wide lace collar. She had a lovely face. I knew that there was something about it that made me long to own it. "How much do you want for it, Mr. Prewer?" He had his answer ready. "Reckon you ow't to give me another half-crown?"

'The two chairs are in my bedroom and I drape my coat across the back of one every night when I go to bed. The picture hangs above the dining-room mantelpiece. It may be a Romney but I have never troubled to have it valued. I would never sell it in any case. I discovered years afterwards how it had come into George's possession, and that it was a portrait of an ancestress of mine—one of the Pooley family'.

CHINESE NAMES

'Many people have the impression that all Chinese people are called either Lee or Wang, and they are not very far wrong', said RACHEL TAYLOR in a talk in 'Woman's Hour' from Edinburgh. 'The number of surnames to go round 600,000,000 people is limited. There are no names in Chinese denoting noble birth, no names like Archer or Weaver stemming from a craft. In fact there is no interest in the study of surnames.

'The fun begins when we take a look at the second name, which corresponds to our Christian name. There the variety is absolutely endless. There is no such thing as calling a baby after a rich relation, and the new name can be created for each child. When you read of a Chinese heroine called Precious Stream, or Shining Cloud, you may wonder how her friends can be bothered to use such a long name, but the Chinese language is so wonder-



British cars on view at the Motor Show, Earl's Court

fully compact that only two short syllables are needed to express any name. Also it must be remembered these beautiful names are not always used. The mother of Precious Stream probably calls her Number Three or Small Sister most of the time.

In educated circles great importance is attached to giving a child a name. In some subtle way it must match the surname. Educated parents search the classics for names expressing in two short syllables a whole philosophy of life, such as Overturn Chaos or Unshakable Serenity. Another important point is that all the names in the family must match: the sisters of Precious Stream would all be "Precious something", perhaps Precious Dawn or Precious Peace. Or they could all be "Something Stream", perhaps Clear Stream or Spring Stream. I knew an official family who had been constantly on the move. Their three sons had been born in Nanking, London, and Canberra, and were called Nan Born, Lon Born and Can Born. The girl had been born in Sydney but she could not be called Syd Born, for girls and boys must have a different index. So she was called South Star, and if she had any sisters they could be called Virtuous Star, Benevolent Star, and so on.

On the whole, girls' names are gentle: there are many Orchids, Clouds, Graces; while typical boys' names are Righteousness, Courage, Wisdom. Odd, perhaps, to hear a little creature still wearing a red-satin, embroidered pinafore and seatless pants tell you that his name is Thousand Virtues.

Another oddity about Chinese names is that people, especially students, frequently change their names, so that a girl whom you have known in childhood as Fragrant Peach turns up years later on a list of college graduates as Seeking Grace. It is usual for converts to the Christian faith to

take on a new name, so that Wang Ever Righteous becomes Wang Seeking Salvation, theologically a sound change. On the other hand, I can imagine a jolly little Chinese Communist burdened with a name like Fight Imperialism, or Love Russia, or, perhaps, Increase Production.

RINGING BATS

'The first real step to dispel something of our ignorance about the movements of bats was made in 1916 by an American named Allen, who marked a few bats with numbered metal rings', said JOHN HOOPER in a talk in the West of England Home Service.

The "ring" is generally a thin strip of aluminium, shaped like the letter "C" and is marked with a number and some sort of address. On a bird, it is clamped round the leg; but a bat's leg is too delicate for this, so the ring is put round the forearm: in other words, round the powerful limb that runs along the leading edge of the wing. Being made of aluminium the ring is non-corrosive, and it is so light that it does not affect the flight of the bat.

Ten years ago my wife and I and other members of the Devon Spelaeological Society began to put rings on bats which

lived in a small group of caves near Buckfastleigh, in the valley of the river Dart. The work has continued ever since, and we have now ringed nearly 3,000 bats, representing seven of the twelve British species. The bats that we started with, and in fact the bats that we find most commonly in Devon, were of the species known as the greater horseshoe bat. This is one of the largest British bats, and has a wing span of between twelve and fourteen inches. The species, incidentally, takes its name from its characteristic nose, which is a flattish membrane, shaped like a horseshoe.

During the winter months these bats generally live in underground passages, such as limestone caves or disused mine tunnels.

When the horseshoe bats are asleep they wrap their dark and silky wings tightly round the body and hang from the roof of the cave with feet that look almost too slender to support their weight. The general effect is of little clusters of dark fat pears dangling from the rocks. On occasion, several hundred bats may combine into a single colony—most of them tightly packed together into an indistinguishable mass of legs and fur and wings, with little pink noses sticking out below.

When such bats are asleep they are easy to catch: it is simply a matter of gently unhooking them by hand and lifting them down from a cave ceiling or rafters. Sometimes they hardly wake up while they are being handled and ringed, and they can then be hung up on the roof again to settle down to sleep once more.

For our first attempt at bat ringing—in the autumn of 1948—my wife and I and a friend climbed up into the roof of a barn at Buckfastleigh where we knew there was a colony of bats. We had with us a box of rings, all new and shiny, and when we

A greater horseshoe bat in flight, and (left) ringing the wing of a bat

J. H. D. Hooper

saw a cluster of about 200 bats which were hanging in a dark, quivering bunch from the rafters we began to wonder whether we should have enough rings to go round. The bats, however, were unco-operative. As soon as we went near them they took off in a cloud of wings and whirled round us in all directions.

Even so, we managed to catch and put rings on twenty-four of them, and during the following months, as we visited the various caves near Buckfastleigh, we found twenty-three of them again. Two of them, at least, were still going strong even recently. As we first handled these bats in 1948, they must have been at least nine-and-a-half years old when we saw them last, and I hope that we shall see them again in years to come, since one of the things we are hoping to learn is how long bats live.

When we first started to put bands on bats we did not really expect them to move more than a few hundred yards from one cave to another, but it was not long before we began to find ringed bats, first one or two miles, then five, and then even ten and fifteen miles away from the places where we had first ringed them. For example, bats ringed at Buckfastleigh often turn up in the caves at Chudleigh, eleven miles away, and others make the journey in the opposite direction. Two or three bats at least have gone from Buckfastleigh to Chudleigh and then back again. Cross-country flights like this seem to be average for the greater horseshoe bats, but we do not know yet what is their normal radius of movement. All we can say is that one bat, ringed near Beer in Devon in the spring of 1954, turned up that autumn at Blandford in Dorset, a good forty miles away, and, a few months later, it was back again in Devon.

Education and Future American Society

PETER F. DRUCKER considers problems presented by the 'New Majority'

IN my last talk* I discussed a basic shift in the structure of the American society: the emergence of the salaried middle class of professional, technical, and managerial people as the largest and fastest growing group in the American working population. I want now to discuss another and different, though closely related, change in American society: the rapid conversion of the entire American population into a highly educated, or at least a highly schooled, population.

Last year the United States Department of Labour—the American equivalent of the Ministry of Labour—announced that for the first time the majority of all those at work in the United States were people who had finished what we call high school: people who had spent at least twelve years at school as full-time students, and had remained in school till they were seventeen or eighteen. The situation is somewhat more extraordinary than the figure implies. For the less-schooled people are primarily older people, of over fifty. As they age and retire, the educational status of the working population will go up rapidly. Fifteen years hence, people without secondary-school certificates will be scarce in the United States working population; they will be the decided exception rather than the rule, even in such educationally underprivileged groups as the Negroes.

Twenty years hence, the majority will be people who have had a considerably greater amount of schooling than these twelve years of primary and secondary school. For going to college—that is, going full time to school beyond the age of eighteen—is rapidly becoming general. One youngster out of three in the age group between eighteen and twenty-one is already in college—you would call it university. Since many more boys than girls go to college, you may say that today every other young man in the United States continues in school beyond secondary school and goes into university or professional training or some equivalent. College enrolment altogether is increasing rapidly—about twice as fast as population.

Unbelievably Fast Change

These figures bespeak an unbelievably fast change. When I first started work, a little over thirty years ago, secondary school education was still the exception, almost a rare exception, rather than the rule. I was then the only one among the young clerks in an export firm who had finished secondary school; and my bosses were certain, and made no bones about telling me, that all this education was a handicap to commercial success rather than an asset. Going to the university then, thirty years ago, was confined to a very small minority. It was even then much more common in the United States than going to the university was in England or in Western Europe: but it was still rare. In the country as a whole only every twentieth youngster or so went to college.

Thus the United States has become, within a short thirty years, an educated society; that is, a society in which almost everybody is expected to have the advanced, long, formal schooling which a generation ago was still confined to a small élite group. It is worth noting that there is only one other country in which something comparable has happened during the same period: the Soviet Union.

Were I speaking to an American audience, I would now start talking about what all this means for education, its contents and subject-matter, its goals and standards, its structure and finance. Those with first-hand knowledge of my country will know that every American is an expert on three things: education, advertising, and baseball: so that I could be sure of the violent dissent of the great majority of my listeners in America, no matter what my own views on education. But I shall resist this temptation to talk about education as such. Rather I shall discuss the meaning of the educational revolution for our society.

Our word 'school', and all its synonyms in other European tongues, comes from a Greek word meaning 'leisure'. Thus language still testifies to mankind's old conviction and experience that education unfits man for productive work. Only too obviously the man of education, however limited it may be, will shun the heavy toil, will forsake plough and potter's wheel. Throughout history, therefore, society has never been able to afford more than a small minority of educated people. In fact, ever since systematic education first began, educators themselves have always been haunted by the spectre of the 'educated proletariat', by the danger of an unemployable and decaying surplus of educated parasites, too numerous for the few available job-opportunities for educated people, and too highly educated for honest work.

Good Jobs for Men with High Degrees

Today, however, we cannot get enough educated people. The job market in the United States last summer is a good example. With a recession, and with unemployment of six to seven per cent. of the total labour force, one would have expected that jobs would be scarce for the newcomers leaving school. So it was indeed for those who had no more education than secondary school—that is no more than twelve years or so of formal schooling. College graduates, who had four more additional years of schooling, usually with some degree of specialization in a major area, all got jobs, though for the first time in five years they had to hunt for them unless they were trained in such highly specialized and still scarce areas as engineering or teaching. But there was no recession for the holders of advanced degrees: indeed, the starting salaries offered them were considerably higher last summer than they had been in 1957 or even in the over-employment of 1956.

Today, in other words, we realize that our economic progress, our defence strength and our political position in the world depend more and more on constantly increasing the supply of highly educated people both in quantity and in quality. This has long been a slogan; Jefferson preached it in the late seventeenth-hundreds; Macaulay in the early years of the last century. But now, for the first time, it is fast becoming social reality. Knowledge—rather than 'labour' or 'capital'—is fast becoming the central and the most productive resource of our society.

In the past the question has always been: How many educated people can a society afford? Today it is increasingly: How many people who are not highly schooled can a society afford? For anyone, we are now beginning to realize, who is not educated to the limit of his abilities, and some of us—I belong to them—would greatly prefer to say: who is not educated quite a bit beyond the limit of his abilities is a social weakness and a productive loss. The knowledge which the educated person brings to work is also a very different resource from either 'labour' or 'capital'. It demands different jobs, different ways of organizing the work, different opportunities, and different rewards. This is true not just for those who hold, or will hold, jobs in management or research or who work in a profession. It is true for the great majority—for they all increasingly have the background and expectations of the highly schooled person.

Effects of Automation

'Automation'—which is as much discussed in our country as it is in yours—is largely a first impact of this shift in the educational status of the population. Automation is not the replacement of human work by machine. The essence of automation is the replacement of manual labour, whether skilled or unskilled, by knowledge. It is not 'saving of labour': automation usually does not mean fewer people at work; often it means more people at work. But it means different people doing different work. It

requires such knowledge as is brought to work by the logician, the mathematician, the psychologist, the chemist, the engineer, the economist—a whole host of highly educated people where formerly we employed manual workers.

That we are moving fast to automation in the United States, much faster than anyone thought possible only a few years ago, is precisely because of the changed educational structure of the country. The young people who became available for work today have been sitting on school benches for twelve to sixteen years or more. They may not have learned much—I am not trying to judge the quality of the education they have received, and having four of my own children in school I am sceptical—but they certainly do not look forward to manual work, even to highly skilled manual work, and even to very well paid manual work. They are not looking for jobs, in other words, in the pre-automated factories or the pre-automated office. They expect jobs in which they will put knowledge and theory to work, jobs in which they apply what they have learned rather than jobs in which they apply skill gained through experience. It is no exaggeration to say that the assembly line which only a short time ago was considered really advanced productive technology is, in the United States, already obsolete, socially at least, if not yet technically.

But this raises a big question: just what do these people with their advanced formal schooling expect from work and jobs, from incentives and opportunities, from careers and working conditions? Most of them will stay in modest jobs all their lives. Yet these jobs, too, will be knowledge jobs requiring high-grade theoretical training and considerable judgment. All these people will have received an education which, in their fathers' time, was reserved for small, essentially upper and upper-middle class groups.

New Problems for 'Personnel' Managers

We have perhaps no idea how one really manages this kind of people. Our personnel management ideas, our personnel management policies, are based largely on experience with rank-and-file manual labour, especially in metal-working industries: essentially this is experience of the first world war. We all know that our ideas were never really effective or successful even for manual workers with a limited degree of formal education and with limited expectations in respect of opportunities. It is unlikely that they have even much relevance to these highly educated people who now come to work in industry and government and the armed forces. It is likely that we face brand-new problems which we do not even understand at all yet.

But this is only one of the impacts. It may not be the most profound impact of the educational change. There is, for instance, a totally unexpected impact on the family, on its size and on marriage age. It used to be almost axiomatic that the more educated people are the later their marriage age and the smaller their family. In fact a main concern of eugenics since the time of Sir Francis Galton a hundred years ago has always been that the intelligent and educated do not reproduce themselves. But today in the United States it is the most highly educated who marry the earliest; a post-graduate student of twenty-four who is not married has become almost a rarity. One reason for this is economic: it is the young wife, herself usually just out of college, who works to support her husband through his years of professional or post-graduate training. There are probably even deeper emotional reasons, however. Whatever the reasons, we have today three facts which only a generation ago we would have thought startling and most unlikely.

First, our young women marry earlier than they have done for 200 years, and the more highly educated they are the earlier they marry; it is today the girl in the factory who tends to marry late rather than the girl in the university. Secondly, it is the highly educated today who start having children the earliest and tend to have the largest families. In the working-class areas of Detroit the two-children family is still common. But the highly educated young families tend increasingly towards the three- or four-children family; one sign of this is the pressure on our universities to convert more and more buildings into family apartments for married students, if not into day-nurseries for their children. Thirdly, more and more of the young educated women work to support a husband and a young but growing family. Perhaps no more than before want to make a career—and

some of us feel that the 'career woman' is disappearing; the dream of these young women is the day when they will stop working and will become housewives and mothers pure and simple. Still, they accept it as the normal obligation of a young, educated woman to be the breadwinner and to get her man started right on his life and career, by giving him the opportunity of an advanced education.

Sales-Girls from College

The greatest impact, however, which the educational revolution in the United States is likely to have is on social values and social structure. It is at one and the same time the fulfilment of the American dream of social equality, and a threat of a new class-structure, of a system of privilege based not on money or birth but on education. As higher education becomes general, access to opportunities becomes increasingly open to all. But at the same time—and the process is going on at high speed—opportunities are increasingly being restricted to the highly educated. It is no longer uncommon for employers to demand a college degree even for sales-girls or secretaries; and without a secondary-school degree even an unskilled factory job may today be hard to get. This is not necessarily absurd. In hiring a sales-girl the employer may hire a future department-hand; in hiring a machine operator he may hire a future foreman or works-manager. But the fact remains that the higher degree is rapidly becoming what it never was before in the United States: the passport to opportunities.

Here, and in my earlier talk, I have tried to present two basic changes in American social structure: the emergence of the salaried middle class of professional, technical, and managerial people as the largest and fastest growing group in the United States; and the rapid, almost sudden conversion of the majority of the American people into people of higher, if not of advanced, education. I have tried to report rather than to appraise, and I certainly have not tried to judge.

But, in conclusion, I would like to raise the question whether these two developments have not fundamentally changed the character of American society. For almost 100 years it has been fashionable on both sides of the Atlantic to believe that American social developments follow, with a time-lag, those of Europe; Marx was the first to assert this and it became almost an article of the faith for people on the left, Americans and Europeans, especially in the 'twenties and 'thirties.

Shift to an Industrial Economy

This was always a debatable proposition. But there was some merit to it. It did, in some measure, explain to Europeans what was happening in this complicated, confused, complex country that is America. Thirty years ago, for instance, we in the United States were still much more of an agricultural society than Britain or Germany; and it made sense then to expect that the continuing shift to an industrial economy would produce in the United States such results as the growth of labour unions, of social welfare and state control; in other words, things that paralleled earlier developments in Europe. Thirty years ago we ourselves thought that it was our job to catch up educationally with Europe: the development of the modern American university was one result of this belief.

Today, however, it is the professional, technical, and managerial group that is our leading group; and in education, certainly in respect of quantity and length of schooling, ours is rapidly becoming a society of universal advanced education. These developments may be good or they may be bad. They may be specifically American or they may indicate the roads which you, in Britain and western Europe, will travel too. But what is certain is that, for better or worse, we are developing something distinct. What is certain is that to understand this society of ours one will increasingly have to understand these developments. What is certain, finally, is that increasingly the success or failure of this American society of tomorrow will depend on its success or failure as an industrial economy, in which knowledge is the truly scarce and truly productive resource, and as a middle-class society of managerial and professional highly educated people.

—Third Programme

The First English Gentlemen

By F. R. H. DU BOULAY

THERE is a story that when Lord Curzon was arranging a meal for King Edward VII in Balliol College, he scornfully rejected the bill of fare with the remark that no gentleman has soup at luncheon. Here is the King himself, in our most class-conscious age, being assigned by a peer to the category of gentleman.

This category, this word 'gentleman', still touches English emotions sharply. Discussions about class often confine themselves to arranging people according to their jobs. From this viewpoint there could be an almost infinite number of classes. But if you use the status-term 'gentleman' you can still, in theory, divide the whole of English society into just two portions.

Not many historians have written about the growth of these feelings of status, even in recent times. The evidence from the remoter past is elusive. Half a century ago Sir George Sitwell, and more recently Miss Sylvia Thrupp, a gifted American scholar, wrote about medieval gentlemen and gentility. The well-known studies on the 'rise of the gentry' in Tudor and Stuart times by Tawney and Trevor-Roper had a rather different purpose, and they generally took for granted the meaning of the word 'gentleman' as a term of status.

During the ages when the upper classes in this country habitually spoke French, up to the fourteenth century, there was in use the word *gentil*, or *gentilhomme*. If you were clerkly and put it in Latin, it was *generosus*. The real meaning of that word was 'noble': there was no English equivalent to it; there was no group of well-to-do, English-speaking people who felt different from both lords and labourers and called themselves 'gentlemen'. The ruling classes in England were frenchified if not actually French. In France, all the sons of noblemen were noble and *gentilhommes*. In England, knights were not (and are not) strictly noblemen, but they could live and talk at ease with the nobles. Indeed, the sons of earls and barons themselves were made knights when they reached manhood. Girt with swords, astride heavy horses, these men of differing titles did not differ in skills, ideals, or manners.

So there was a fairly sharp distinction, typical of primitive societies, between noble and base, the professional warrior and the worker of the soil, who (leaving aside the clergy) divided most of life's activities between them. In fact, their ways were so different that one might suppose even their features were distinctive. Compare, for instance, the long, calm effigies on the tombs with the crude, sweating figures in the margins of illuminated manuscripts. It would not be right to say that there was no middle class in the English middle ages, but if you were not a peasant I think you derived your worldly modes and standards from the aristocracy, at whatever remove. The great historian Maitland wrote: 'in the Norman age we see traces of a usage which will not allow that anyone is free if he is not noble'. This deep division, one of feeling as much as of custom, endured throughout the middle ages, and I am not sure that it does not still endure, fundamentally, today.

In spite of all this, English and French social structures are very different, and by the fourteenth century the differences were becoming marked. First of all, the families which composed the

English aristocracy were competing with renewed urgency for wealth and personal security against each other and against economic changes they scarcely understood. In the lower ranks of society, men whose fathers had been peasants were often acquiring more land, more money, more freedom. But though one man might rise, another might fall. The long war with France, recurrent epidemics, and obscure population changes were among many movements which changed the fortunes of countless individuals. In the second place, warfare had been growing more professionalized, so that the old concept of a knight as a warrior was weakened, and men of knightly position were more often only concerned with their estates.

A third change is interesting, because it seems partly a consequence of the events I have been sketching: Englishmen, obscurely aware of new social mobility, began to become more class-conscious, in the sense of trying to prevent change. When the old order shakes, some fear greatly, others hope wildly. Those who stand to lose will try to counter economic forces by political or social measures. This sort of thing was happening in the age of Chaucer and *Piers Plowman* and the Lollards and the rebels of 1381. Froissart—that Colonel Blimp—said that the revolt of 1381 was caused by 'the ease and riches that the common people are of' and he put into the mouth of John Ball the words (this is the sixteenth-century translation):

Ah, ye good people, the matters goeth not well to pass in England, nor shall not do till everything be common, and that there be no villeins nor gentlemen, but that we may be all unied together, and that the lords be no greater masters than

we be. . . We be all come from one father and mother, Adam and Eve: whereby can they say or show that they be greater lords than we be, saving by that they cause us to win and labour for that they dispend?

That is an example of the social attitude of men who had a say in government. It was also expressed in political action, in attempts to regulate by law the kinds of clothing people of different standing should wear, and the prestige possessions, like hunting hawks, they should have. This attempt to fix society in a mould merely by giving orders was not peculiar to the late fourteenth century, but it was particularly urgent then. But, in effect, sumptuary laws are only slightly more sophisticated versions of Cnut telling the tide to go back. After the first world war, well-paid munition workers in fur coats had only to put up with nasty looks, which is perhaps a small index of progress towards social peace.

One more change must be considered before one comes to the gentry. From this time, about the year 1400, people of the upper classes as well as the bulk of Englishmen began to use English to the gradual exclusion of French. Chaucer's court readings is



Victoria and Albert Museum
John Daundelyon, 'gentilman': rubbing from a brass of 1445 in the church of St. John, Margate

Left: Gyles Penne, gentleman: drawing after a brass of 1519 in Yeovil parish church

an obvious example. He died in 1400. The speech of the Chancellor on opening parliament was delivered in English in 1363, and the precedent was followed more and more often. Current French was ceasing to be generally understood. Only the lawyers at Westminster could not say good-bye to the French language, if that is the right name for their extraordinary jargon.

A Personal Description

The English word 'gentleman' as a word of personal description probably first appeared between 1410 and 1420. At first it was used rarely, then it caught on and became fashionable. It is fairly clear from wills and private deeds that parties and testators often did not describe themselves at all during the first half of the fifteenth century, but after the fourteen-sixties the number of men so-called increases until in the early decades of the sixteenth century it becomes a flood.

As the fifteenth century advanced more people made wills and executed deeds whose fathers would not have done so; and one cannot be sure that a man was not called a gentleman merely because he did not describe himself as one in his will. So it is hard to prove statistically that the number, or proportion, of gentlemen was increasing at a given rate. There is another matter: in 1413 Henry V required that in personal actions at law plaintiffs must take care to describe their opponents exactly in the writ which began the action. This movement of legal definition must have given an impetus to self-examination and self-description. There was one plaintiff who described the defendant as 'husbandman alias merchant alias gentleman alias woolman alias yeoman'. Although social mobility was a fact, this instance does not demonstrate the impetus so much as a very careful plaintiff.

But when all is said, it is clear that the English word 'gentleman' came into use in the earlier part of the fifteenth century and became fashionable in the later. Three things occur to me about this: why did certain men start calling themselves gentlemen? If the name was new, was the idea new, or old? And what did the name mean? These questions are connected with each other, and they are all difficult ones, but I will hazard brief answers.

The first question—why did men start calling themselves gentlemen?—is perhaps, the hardest of the three. Scholars have suggested that there was a new problem of younger sons of knightly families, returned from the wars, at a loose end, and wanting to stress their gentle status all the more because their fortunes were uncertain. This is possible, but it is unproved, and it is much less clear than the younger-son problem of two centuries later. It has also been suggested that the term 'gentleman' was found useful in great households during a time of reorganization and change of language, to distinguish superior hangers-on from menial ones. This too, is little more than an assertion. My own suspicion is that Sir George Sitwell was right and that the term began to be applied personally because in 1413 the law demanded exact descriptions of status; but that, further, it was this description, 'gentleman', that was used since it implied you were one of the top people. In other words, I think that the term 'gentleman' was begotten by legal requirement out of self-assertion in an age of social mobility. Then it spread among lawyers, successful farmers, and the rest, as well as among the kinsmen of aristocrats. By 1466 we can see men like John Kelom, gent., whose name had once been Draper, who had made good as a sheep and cattle farmer in fashionable north Kent, building houses, hiring servants, putting his sons to school.

Men Neither Servile nor Exalted

If I had to argue that the fifteenth-century gentleman was something new I should have to write the social history of the middle ages; but this may be said: for 300 years before John Kelom, the law and society of England had been much fashioned by men who were neither servile nor exalted, legally free but not necessarily knights. Such men had estates of small or moderate size, they understood a bit about war and possibly more about law, they liked hunting and other things which the nobles liked, and they worked rather hard as well. I think we must consider them gentlemen—their hands were not calloused by agricultural implements—even though the name was not used.

The name was not used, but it was foreshadowed. As early as 1204 we hear of a Somersetshire man asking the sheriff to deal justly with his father, his brother and himself because they were native-born and local gentry. He put it in Latin: *naturales homines et gentiles de patria*. This type of man is an enduring one. A hundred years later a man called Henry de Bray, of Northamptonshire, was running his medium-sized estate and assisting the king's government like many others of whom we know less because their estate books have not survived like Henry's. Henry de Bray was nowhere called 'gentleman', nor, so far as I can see, anything else, but he was similar in character to men who 100 years later again would bear the style of 'gentleman'. Occasionally one can trace in a long family history, like that of the Peckhams of Wrotham in Kent, the introduction of the style though it is plain that the family's status has not changed.

To that extent, therefore, the idea was old though the name was new. None the less, names themselves are important and they can impel changes. When 'gentleman' becomes a commonly understood concept, signifying an esteemed status, then ambitious men of various origins will fall in love with the name, adopt it, and by a sort of sympathetic magic assimilate themselves to that status. That, too, happened with lawyers, successful farmers, stewards and others, long before Fuller explicitly said that 'the good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined'.

Going Up and Down in the World

This introduces the third and last question: what did the word mean? What, at the end of the English middle ages, was the connotation of the English word 'gentleman'? The criteria I am going to suggest are not exhaustive and they are not scientific, because status is subjective and depends upon how people feel about themselves and each other. A man come down in the world may not see eye to eye with his neighbours about himself, like the Yorkshire knight who wrote to his cousin in 1486 that 'he was a poor gentleman born, though never were taken here but for a yeoman'. The same thing with a man gone up in the world, like John of Boteler of London, as an enemy said, 'pretending himself Gentleman, but indeed he is a *supersedes* monger'.

However, there were criteria which held good in general. First, a gentleman had a certain property in land and money. Chaucer, with his sharp insight, made the Wife of Bath say:

But for ye spoken of swich gentilesse

As is descended out of old richesse

That therefore sholden ye be gentil men . . .

A man could get rich without waking up one morning to find himself gentle, but his family does not fail for long to adopt gentle ways. Conversely, no family can over the generations remain gentle in poverty, and this truth was also put pithily by Fuller in 1642:

Hence comes it often to passe, that younger brothers of gentile families live in low wages, clouded often among the yeomanry.

Later medieval statutes in their formal way assume that wealth and gentility are correlative. Further, it seems likely that the medieval gentleman's wealth tended to be principally in landed property, held in freehold or leasehold, and passed on through the generations with some special care for the estate's integrity in the hands of one son. Some yeoman testaments show entails and primogeniture feelings, but they do not seem yet to be commonplace: did not Starkey complain in 1538 about 'the arrogancy whereby with the entailing of lands every Jack would be a gentleman'? Gentlemanly families often sent sons to the Inns of Court in order that they might learn how to defend or win property by litigation. One of the Stonors of Buckinghamshire in 1462 described a title deed acquired in a royal court as 'a gentylmanly thyng'. In addition the phrasing of their wills suggests that gentlemen were more often than yeomen removed from the immediate exploitation of land, that they lived off rents or employed husbandmen, rather than saw personally to the harvesting of corn and the disposal of livestock.

The second criterion is that a gentleman tended to wear finer clothes and enjoy more luxurious amusements, like hawks and

hounds. I have made this point before and I will not elaborate it any more, save perhaps to say that a number of earlier fifteenth-century wills, when they enumerate household goods, maintain a distinction between 'gentleman sheets' and 'yeoman sheets'.

Thirdly, there is the question of conduct. Improving medieval literature told the reader that the gentleman behaved in a certain way. 'Books of Nurture', or etiquette, multiplied in the fifteenth century and laid down the proper seating arrangements in the hall of a big household, with 'gentlemen well nurtured and of good manners', allowed to sit at 'a table of good squires'. Such a one rose from the table quietly and thanked the host

So that men wyll say thereafter
That a gentylleman was heere.

Gentillesse was literal in its action, quiet in speech, and not violent towards the poor. The code was taken up and developed in the sixteenth century. The other side of the medal was the expectation that the non-gentle would be boorish. You can see this in the literary convention that if sparks of nobility were visible in the cowherd's son, then he was sure to be a king's son in disguise. Manners might merge superficially into morals with the notion of honour. The earliest example I know of a gentleman's honour, other than in a military sense, is from about 1430 when an Essex man pleaded before the Chancellor that he had

owed £10 to a certain William Forster, gentleman, and had duly paid him. Forster had said that the document of obligation was mislaid among his papers but that he would look it out and hand it back, '... in whoos promyse your seid orator putte confidence and trust in as much as the same William is a gentilman and taken in reputation in that contray'. Forster had in fact betrayed this trust and tried to get repaid twice.

These expectations of behaviour will serve to emphasize the literary and romantic quality of codes of gentility; and to say that they were literary, and chivalric, leads on to the final point I want to make, which I think is an important one. The medieval gentleman's worldly standards were noble standards, his behaviour, his etiquette, were copied without question from the conduct of the aristocracy. It may be correct in political and economic affairs to talk about an English middle class, but in matters of social status and all the personal acts by which feelings of status are signified, the English gentry imitated the nobility. The gentry had no separate code, bourgeois or otherwise. Even the bourgeoisie, and the clergy too, I suspect, were divided amongst themselves to the extent that they followed or did not follow the patterns of *gentillesse*. Possibly that has been true up to the present day, possibly English society always feels twofold, but that is another question.—*Third Programme*

The Earliest People of Wales

GLYN DANIEL outlines recent findings by archaeologists

WHEN we think about the history of Wales, most of us picture Wales before the industrial revolution as an agricultural country whose wealth was based on crops and farmstock, whose fame abroad was based on mutton and cheese. But just as there was a beginning to the industrial revolution in Wales, so there was a beginning to the agricultural revolution—or as it is sometimes called by archaeologists the Neolithic revolution—and this took place somewhere round 2000 B.C. That is to say that about as many years before the birth of Christ as we are after, the first farmers settled in England and Wales, and the first plots of wheat were cultivated, the first cows milked and sheep tended. The art and craft of agriculture had been discovered much earlier elsewhere; there were farmers and fields in the Danube area at least as early as 4000 B.C., and in the Near East, where at least for the Western world agriculture was discovered, there were peasant farmers as early as 7000 or 8000 B.C.

These dates are based on the new technique of carbon 14 dating, which was discovered by Willard Libby in Chicago ten years ago as a by-product of research into nuclear physics. We can now say with a fair degree of certainty that the first agriculturists got to Europe in the fourth millennium B.C. and eventually got to the British Isles between 2500 and 2000 B.C.

But the story of man in Wales does not begin then; it does not begin with the first farmers. Man had been in Wales for thousands of years before that, living as a hunter and a fisher, and a collector of roots and berries. This is the first phase in Welsh

history, the food-gathering state when man was, economically at least, a savage like the early Eskimo or the Australian aborigine or the American Indians before Columbus. When did this phase begin—the phase which the archaeologists call the Palaeolithic and Mesolithic—the old and middle stone ages? It began in Wales at least 50,000 years ago and possibly earlier, and it is a rather sobering thought that during the greater part of man's life in Wales he was a food-gatherer.

Do not suppose that there were ever many people in Wales in these long early millennia, and most probably there were often hundreds of years when no human beings lived in Britain at all, particularly when the ice-sheets lay across the country and tundra vegetation grew on the windswept wastes of southern Britain. Our best evidence for these Palaeolithic hunters in Wales comes from the rock-shelters or small caves in which the hunters lived, like Cae Gwynn cave near St. Asaph, or King Arthur's cave near Ross-on-Wye, Paviland in Gower, and Coygan in southern Carmarthenshire.

The Goat's Hole cave at Paviland in Gower is the best known,

and the richest, cave in Wales. It was first excavated in 1823 by William Buckland, the Oxford geologist who later became Dean of Westminster. He found, in addition to quantities of human tools and animal bones, the headless body of what is now thought to be a young man aged about twenty-five, but which Buckland thought to be a young woman: it is always known as the Red Lady of Paviland. With the burial were ivory rods and rings and many sea-shells; the bones were stained with ruddle, with red



Longhouse cromlech, near Llanrian, Pembrokeshire

ochre, and nearby was a complete elephant skull. This was a ceremonial burial, a careful ritual burial; we find many of them from Palaeolithic sites in France and Spain, and they are often covered with red ochre—perhaps because it was the colour of blood. Who knows what ideas and beliefs caused such careful treatment of the dead? We may well have in Paviland the very beginnings of some primitive form of religion.

What we do not have in Wales—or for that matter anywhere in the British Isles—is any painted or engraved caves. The great painted and engraved caves of France and Spain are well known, and places like Altamira and Lascaux and Font de Gaume and Niaux are our proudest heritage of man's earliest art. It has been suggested from time to time that Bacon's Hole in the Gower peninsula had some Palaeolithic art on its walls but most people think the marks are natural. It is not impossible that we should find a Palaeolithic painted and engraved cave in Wales—not impossible, but to most people unlikely.

From the animal bones in Paviland and elsewhere we can form a good idea of what these early men hunted—the wild horse, cave bear, wild ox, the woolly rhinoceros, reindeer, mammoth, and hyena.

The Palaeolithic hunters and their Mesolithic successors, who lived in Wales as the ice sheets retreated and present-day conditions began to come into existence, form an interesting but not perhaps an exciting beginning to the main story of the past of Wales. Maybe the blood of some of these people still flows in our veins but they cannot have been an important ethnic element in the population. Nor, I think, do many of us find it easy to project our minds back and see these people living in caves and on coastal sites. We can, however, feel more direct contact with the first Neolithic people who arrived, somewhere round 2000 B.C., probably from Gloucestershire and Wessex, with their knowledge of agriculture and pottery-making. We still know very little about the first farmers in Wales, these first Neolithic people, but in the last few years some of their houses have been found, for example

by Mrs. Audrey Williams on St. David's Head and by Dr. Savory at Stormy Down near Porthcawl.

What we do know a great deal about are the slightly later settlers who came by sea to Wales from western France and perhaps Spain, and who built the cromlech that are such a feature of some parts of Wales, particularly Anglesey and Pembrokeshire. We know about these cromlech builders for the obvious reason that they built these large, impressive and obvious stone tombs. There are between sixty and seventy of them surviving still in Wales. Sometimes they are in large mounds of earth and stones like the Tin-



Carved stone at Barclodiad y Gawres, Anglesey

kinswood cromlech near St. Nicholas, south of the road from Cardiff to Bridgend, or the Carneddau Hengwm in Merionethshire. At other times they stand completely free like the Pentre Ifan cromlech in Pembrokeshire.

We can distinguish different types among them—different tomb-plans, just as at the present day the Christian religion has different church-plans varying from Byzantine domed basilicas to rectangular Methodist chapels. The study of these plans shows us that some of the cromlech builders—those who settled in the Gower peninsula and Glamorgan and Monmouthshire and later spread up into the Black Mountains—were originally from southern Brittany and from the lower Loire valley; while others, like the builders of Bryn Gelli Ddu and Barclodiad y Gawres in Anglesey, may have come from Spain and Portugal. These two Anglesey monuments had carvings on their walls, carvings of spirals and lozenges and zigzags, and these designs are also found on similar tombs in Iberia. The designs themselves are stylized, they seem to be versions of a goddess figure—the earth mother goddess of east Mediterranean archaeology—because the ultimate inspiration of these cromlech builders and their ultimate home was the Aegean world of the eastern Mediterranean. Perhaps the builders of Bryn Gelli Ddu and Barclodiad y Gawres did not come direct from Iberia to Wales; they migrated across the Irish Sea to Anglesey, and in great Irish monuments like New Grange we do find the exact prototypes

for the plan and the art of the Anglesey monuments. We must admire the skill of these intrepid mariners who sailed along the western seaways of Atlantic Europe to Ireland and Wales, as also their skill in building their great stone tombs.

Why did they come to Ireland and Wales? No one really knows; but I think, and so do many other people, that they were prospecting. They were adventurers, explorers searching out new lands in the same way as Vasco da Gama and Columbus did much later. What they particularly were looking for in the British Isles was copper and tin, and I think they found these substances in Ireland and Cornwall and exported them back to the Mediterranean world. The cromlech builders may well have been the first metal-workers in the British Isles, but this is only an idea: what is certain is that they did not put objects of copper and tin or of bronze (which was an alloy of copper and tin) in their tombs. But then do we put objects in our graves that would tell archaeologists at once whether we belonged to the stone age, bronze age or iron age? It is something to think about.

Another question is whether these cromlech builders built circular temples of stone. Are they also the builders of stone circles? Are they, to put no finer point upon it, the people who built Stonehenge and Avebury in Wiltshire?

Two things are certain. There are few stone circles in Wales, but they do exist. Secondly, some of the stones used in the construction of Stonehenge—the so-called 'blue stones'—came at least 200 miles from Pembrokeshire, from the Preseli Mountains. This was proved beyond doubt in the early nineteen-twenties by Dr. H. H. Thomas of the Geological Survey, working on an idea suggested to him by that fine Welsh geologist, O. T. Jones. There is no doubt that the cromlech builders were great men. They lived somewhere between 2000 B.C. and 1500 B.C. and are one of the formative elements in the ultimate population of Wales. Soon after the first cromlech builders had arrived, there came from what is now England quite different people, called the Beaker people because of their custom of placing in their graves a small red-brown drinking cup from



Drinking cup from a Beaker grave at Llanharry, Glamorganshire
National Museum of Wales

five to seven inches in height. The Beaker people buried their dead in single graves under round mounds, whereas the cromlech builder used to bury large numbers of people in their big stone tombs—as many as fifty or more: the cromlechs were essentially collective tombs used over a period of time by a village or a family group.

We learn nearly all of what we do know in Wales about the people of the early second millennium B.C. from their tombs. Of their settlements we know hardly anything as yet, and it is a strange thing that the people who could build the great cromlech, who could transport stones from Pembrokeshire to Stonehenge, yet did not build, as far as we can make out, stone houses and villages that have survived to the present day. Perhaps they were largely pastoral in their economy, semi-nomadic; we do not know.

What we do know is that the cromlech builders and the Beaker folk illustrate a feature of early Welsh history which occurs time and time again. Wales looks two ways: eastwards to England and westwards and southwards to Ireland, Brittany, and Spain. This dichotomy of outlook, which geographers like Professor H. J. Fleure and archaeologists like Sir Cyril Fox would call this dual aspect of the personality of Wales, is one of the priceless and invigorating features of the Welsh heritage.

But were these people Welsh—the hunters and fishers who lived in caves near St. Asaph and Gower, the farmers in their

tiny houses at St. David's and Stormy Down, the men who built the cromlech or who buried their dead with pottery beakers? They certainly lived in a part of Britain which we today call Wales, so that they are the first Welshmen in that sense. But did they speak Welsh or, for that matter, any Celtic language? This is a more difficult question; we can say little that is useful and reliable about language if we have no written records, and there was no written language in Wales before the Romans. Our pre-Roman forebears, the Ancient Britons, were illiterate. Therefore we can only guess at what they spoke, and also use comparative evidence. It is a fair guess that the people of the late bronze age and early iron age were Celtic speaking. We know that the language of the Britons when conquered by the Romans was ancient British—the language out of which Welsh, and Breton, developed.

But the story which I have told you in the merest outline ends 1,500 years before Caesar. I think it unlikely that any of these people spoke a Celtic language. The cromlech builders came from France and Spain and Portugal; they were Mediterranean folk, short, dark people I expect, and almost certainly they spoke a non-Indo-European language, a Mediterranean language perhaps allied to modern Berber, the language of North Africa, or even to the Basque language, spoken in southern France and northern Spain. But this is guessing. What is not guesswork is that they were Mediterraneans.—*Welsh Home Service*

Watching Migrant Birds by Radar

By DAVID LACK

IN the war I was concerned with the early-warning chain of coast-watching radar stations. The moment these began to use a wavelength as short as 10 cms., the operators often reported echoes out at sea in places where there were certainly no ships or aircraft. These echoes sometimes gave rise to air-raid warnings and also, since they usually moved at about thirty knots, caused E-boat scares on the convoy routes. For some time their cause remained a mystery, but eventually a British biologist, Dr. Varley, established that they came from large seabirds.

The next stage came six or seven years ago, with the development of new radar sets of much higher power, on which the display was sometimes covered with small echoes, called 'angels' by the operators. These 'angels' were at first thought to be of meteorological origin, though no one could find anything in the air to correspond with them. They were commonest in the spring and autumn, commonest in the early part of the night and again in the early morning and, which was most disturbing, they did not drift with the wind but moved through the air at some thirty to forty miles an hour. It was only recently that a Swiss biologist, working with British radar equipment at Zurich airport, proved that 'angels' were the echoes from small birds on migration; almost immediately afterwards an English meteorologist made the same discovery working independently. The latest radar sets are still more powerful, and can follow even small birds for over sixty miles, and through the courtesy of the Royal Air Force I have recently been allowed to study migration at their stations.

Once people get used to the idea that radar really does track migration, the first comment usually is: 'Oh but I don't see how you can do much with it, because I don't suppose you can tell what kind of bird is giving the echoes'. That matters less than

might be supposed, because enough is known about British birds to say what kinds are likely to be migrating at different seasons of the year, and in fact, when conditions are favourable, most or all of the possible species seem to migrate at the same time. To



Great grey shrike photographed in Yorkshire as it passed through England during its autumn migration to the south

Eric Hosking

set against this disadvantage radar does three things that could not be done before. First, we can now measure the amount of migration taking place during every hour of every day and every night throughout the year. Secondly, we can plot the directions taken by the birds, even when they are far out at sea. Thirdly, we can find the height at which they travel.

Most migration seems to take place at about 2,000-4,000 feet, at least over the sea. Occasionally echoes come from over 10,000 feet, but this is exceptional. A height of even 2,000-4,000 feet is enough to mean that the birds are out of sight of watchers on the shore or in ships, so we were right to wonder whether the ornithologist was not, in fact,

missing most of the traffic. Further, when the birds travel lower, it is often due to abnormal conditions, so that the bird-watcher on the ground or on a ship may even get a misleading picture of what is happening; for instance, the birds may be moving in a different direction close to the ground than they are higher up.

I have just finished analyzing the records, compiled by the Research Branch of Fighter Command, for migration throughout the year as observed at a radar station in East Anglia. This shows that birds cross the North Sea in every month of the year, though few do so in January. The biggest movements of all occur eastwards in March and April, not only by night but also by day. This came as a surprise, because Norfolk ornithologists see almost nothing of them. The reason is that the small land birds concerned usually migrate at a moderate height above the land and rise on

(continued on page 694)

NEWS DIARY

October 22-28

Wednesday, October 22

Minister of Labour tells industrial leaders of Government's decision to end compulsory arbitration in disputes

B.E.A. Viscount airliner crashes in Italy after collision with Italian jet fighter: all on board killed

England beats Russia by five goals to nil in international Association football match at Wembley

Thursday, October 23

General de Gaulle offers a safe conduct to Paris for a delegation from Algerian rebel organization to discuss a cease-fire

About 160 miners trapped in a pit in Nova Scotia after an earth tremor

Russia offers a loan of up to 400,000,000 roubles (£33,000,000) to the United Arab Republic to help build the Aswan Dam

Friday, October 24

Mr. Dulles reports to President Eisenhower on his talks with President Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa

Lord Montgomery criticizes U.S. foreign policy in a lecture in London

Saturday, October 25

Greece rejects Nato's proposal for a round-table conference on Cyprus

Algerian rebel government rejects General de Gaulle's offer of a safe-conduct to discussions in Paris

Chinese Minister of Defence says that shelling of the offshore islands would cease on even dates to enable them to bring in supplies

The Queen unveils a war memorial to Commonwealth land forces at Brookwood, Surrey

Sunday, October 26

British troops withdrawn from Jordan begin to arrive back in England

First ballots to elect new Pope are held in the Vatican

Monday, October 27

It is announced that all remaining restrictions on hire purchase and rental agreements are to be abolished

Russia rejects proposal of Britain and U.S.A. to suspend nuclear tests for a year, dating from October 31

President Mirza of Pakistan hands over power to General Ayub Khan, Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces

Tuesday, October 28

Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice elected as the new Pope John XXIII at the age of seventy-six

The Queen opens Parliament; her Speech from the Throne foreshadows the Government's policy during the new session

Nobel prize for chemistry awarded to Dr Frederick Sanger of Cambridge



Her Majesty the Queen reading the Speech from the Throne in the House of Lords when she opened Parliament on October 28: a ceremony photographed and televised for the first time



Boris Pasternak, the Russian writer who has been awarded this year's Nobel Prize for literature. The award has been denounced by Moscow as 'a hostile act' and he has been expelled from the Union of Soviet Writers. Mr. Pasternak's novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, which has been acclaimed in many Western countries as a masterpiece, has not been published in the Soviet Union, but it has been broadcast in a serialized version by the B.B.C.'s Russian Service



Benthall Hall, Shropshire, which has been given to the National Trust by Sir Edward Benthall. The present house is thought to have been built on the site of an earlier one; it has a fine carved staircase and sixteenth-century oak paneling. The house is to be opened to the public next summer



The crowd gathered in St. Peter's Square, Rome, awaiting the Papal election from the Sistine Chapel. Announced on October 28, Pope John XXIII, the Patriarch of Venice, was the new Pope.



Black smoke billowing from the chimney of the Sistine chapel indicating that a ballot had been inconclusive. Confusion over the colour of the smoke caused several false alarms in the early stages.



'Ceres', a hitherto unknown work by Simon Vouet, the seventeenth-century French painter, which has been acquired by the National Gallery from the Galerie Heim in Paris. This is the first Vouet to be acquired by the gallery; more than half the cost was paid by Mr. Edgar Ivens.



'Country Life' by J. Floyer Benthall and on the foundations of an is hoped to open the



The wedding scene from *Ondine*, a new ballet by Frederick Ashton, which was given its first performance by the Royal Ballet Company at Covent Garden on October 27. Margot Fonteyn is seen in the title role, with Michael Somes as Palemon and Leslie Edwards as the Hermit.



Sir Lawrence Bragg, F.R.S., (left) listening to a playback of a recording on an early phonograph made by Thomas Edison. The machine was one of several pieces of apparatus discovered during a recent overhaul of the store cupboards of the Royal Institution: it had lain there undisturbed for many years.

(continued from page 691)

reaching the sea, but those moving from the Midlands towards north Norfolk first meet the Wash, which they treat like the sea and rise high. Thereafter they do not come down again, so that all of this huge eastward migration passes over Norfolk too high to be seen from the ground. Eastward departures continue throughout May, and then, already at the beginning of June, before the last of the northern birds have left, others are returning west into England, chiefly lapwings and curlew from the Low Countries. There is something of a gap in August, only a little movement in September, except with east winds, and then the winter visitors arrive in big numbers between late October and early December.

It has recently been shown by German workers that migrating birds kept in cages try to fly in a fixed direction, the direction in which they should be migrating, which they recognize through the position of the sun by day and the stars by night. But what happens when migrants are flying over the open sea with a cross wind? Radar shows that, provided the weather is fine, bird migrants head in a constant direction over the sea, both by day and by

night, and this, combined with the German experiments, makes it clear that they navigate by the sun or stars and do not need landmarks. But if there is a cross wind at sea they make no allowance for it, and their course is the resultant between their constant heading and the direction and speed of the wind. In spring they freely set off with cross winds, so that their eastward course varies between north-east and south-east. This means that a bird leaving, say, Norfolk, may make its landfall anywhere between Belgium and Denmark. The results of bird-ringing indicate that the bird still gets home safely, so it must have some other means of knowing its true position; but it looks as though it can use this other means only when it is on the ground. This other means is at present a mystery.

That is what happens in fine weather, and birds do not normally start migrating unless it is fine. But one day last April it was fine at the start of the evening and later fog and rain set in. At this point many migrants were already some fifty miles out over the North Sea. Previously they had been heading rather north of east, but now they seemed unable to hold a steady course and kept changing their direction. This was presumably because they could no longer see the

stars. Under such conditions they evidently mill around all night, gradually drifting with the wind; and it is after such nights that they land up, exhausted, on islands and headlands, giving delight to many bird-watchers, for such drifts often include rarities.

Many such drifted migrants caught and marked on Fair Isle and elsewhere have since been recovered in their normal haunts, showing that, though drifted, they can re-orientate themselves later. By good fortune, radar picked up such a re-directed movement last April. At the end of March there had been an unusually large drift of Continental night migrants into England with south-easterly winds. A week later, to my immense surprise, I started to track a southward migration down the North Sea. A southward migration in April is almost unheard of: the radar suggested that some of the birds concerned were landing on the north Norfolk coast and, when I went there, I heard that a further arrival of Continental species had taken place. Radar showed that these birds had come not from the Continent but from northern Britain. Clearly, they were the birds that had drifted over a week earlier and were now re-directing their course back home.

—From a talk in 'Science Survey' (Network Three)

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Social Security and the Law Courts

Sir,—I am surprised that Professor Otto Kahn-Freund's lucid and helpful talk (THE LISTENER, October 23) does not mention an important change which is to come into effect on January 1, 1959. At present, the Commissioner of National Insurance and his deputies are appointed by the Crown on the recommendation of the Minister of National Insurance, who is necessarily a party to every case. From January 1 next they will be appointed by the Crown on the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor.

Yours, etc.,

Olney

R. C. HORWOOD

Sir,—With respect, Gilmore's case (Dr. Kahn-Freund, THE LISTENER, October 23) was not the first in which the law courts acted on a writ of certiorari in a 'welfare' case. My authority for this is Lord Denning's book *The Changing Law* (pages 31-33).

The 'Northumberland Case', also a matter of compensation, was heard in the Court of Kings Bench in 1952 and subsequently confirmed in the Court of Appeal.

Yours, etc.,

Gidea Park

GEORGE E. ASSINDER

Art in New York Today

Sir,—I was extremely interested in Mr. Lawrence Alloway's article in THE LISTENER of October 23 entitled 'Art in New York Today', in which he touches upon an article of mine. He describes it as 'strictly armchair stuff' which of course it is; I am therefore all the more gratified to find my tentative speculations in so large a measure confirmed both by his illustrations

and by the implications of his text. The stylistic homogeneity of the work of Mr. Goldberg, Mr. Gottlieb and the haphazard ink blots reproduced in THE LISTENER of June 5, 1958, is remarkable. As Mr. Alloway says: 'The artists in New York really mix'.

Given the long tradition of individualism in the arts any process of adjustment in the direction of uniformity must of course be slow, and I would not go further than to say that Mr. Alloway has produced some confirmatory evidence of the existence of what I believe may be an important social tendency in contemporary art.

If I have anything to quarrel with in his article it is that he, with his magnificent opportunities for seeing what is being done in the United States, is not always as lucid an expositor as might be desired. When he describes modern American painting as a 'conspicuous play with paint as a physical substance' I am a little bewildered. Has any painter ever regarded paint as a spiritual substance?

Yours, etc.,

Newcastle upon Tyne, 2 QUENTIN BELL

A Modern Literary Heresy

Sir,—Mr. Christopher Gillie (THE LISTENER, October 23) has taken me up on a number of points made in my defence of the intentional 'fallacy' in criticism (October 16). He says it is obvious *Samson Agonistes* would be a great poem even if you did not know Milton intended an Aeschylean drama. As it happens, I remember reading it in just these conditions, at the age of fifteen, and finding it uninteresting. Is there anyone, anywhere, unaware of Greek drama who sincerely admires it? But I hope Mr. Gillie does

not suggest that, because somebody *might* be found to admire it naively, we should suppress Milton's preface and pretend we did not know. Personally, I am on Milton's side when he says that 'of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, . . . they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides'.

Of course, as he says, what is missing from a poem is non-existent. This seems to me no objection to looking for it—much of the best criticism of the world *begins* at the point where the poet leaves off and continues the creative process from there. People are often shocked when a critic does this—goodness knows why. If a job is worth doing at all, it is worth doing better. And if we insist we can never imagine a poem better than it is, then we are never entitled to make an adverse judgment.

It was Professor W. K. Wimsatt, Jr., who said that a poem is like a machine in that 'one demands that it work'. This seemed to me a good analogy, and so I took it a stage further and compared a bad poem to a clock that fails to tell the time. And now Mr. Gillie tells me that clocks are more like one another than poems are, so that bad poems are more difficult to recognise than bad clocks. This there is no denying. But then, if poems were literally unique, as he says, there would be no point of comparison in the world, and again no possibility of adverse judgment. And yet we do claim the right to condemn. Therefore poems are not unique. Though what we compare them to, I think, is not so much other poems as our own experience, i.e., we ask whether they are true; and from this point on the machine-analogy ceases to be of much use.

I think I should stop reading poetry altogether

if I believed, as Mr. Gillie says he does, that 'poems are not efficient means for the expression of ideas'. But this is not the sort of philistine mistake my distinguished American adversary, Professor Wimsatt, would make: he thinks that 'a poem can be only through its meaning' and that what we ought to attribute to the author or his mask are 'thoughts and attitudes' (*The Verbal Icon*, pages 4, 5). On this point intentionalists and anti-intentionalists can join forces against those who seek to trivialize poetry by talk about emotion made verbal.

Yours, etc.,

Swansea

GEORGE WATSON

Sir,—The examples cited by Mr. George Watson (*THE LISTENER*, October 16) in defence of intentionalism are whole works, and the intention discussed is limited to the author's general plan (*viz.*: What were Milton and T. S. Eliot trying to do in 'Samson Agonistes' and *The Cocktail Party*?). It is here that the intentionalist critic has most to offer the reader, and I do not see how his importance can be denied.

When, however, we seek the meaning of what the poet actually wrote—the very words in which he sought to embody his plan—intentionalism soon ceases to help us. Anyone who has written poetry will be familiar with the experience of returning after a time to the words he has written and of finding that there is meaning in them beyond that which he intended. Comment from others reveals even to a minor author that his meaning can transcend his intentions. Would it not be superstitious or absurd to believe that Shakespeare consciously intended to convey every shade of meaning which emerges during a lifetime's reading of his plays?

Coleridge, whom Mr. Watson cites on his side, shows that many of Wordsworth's poems (*e.g.*, 'The Thorn') are good poems in spite of, not because of, the poet's theoretical intentions. And what can the intentionalist offer us in reading Coleridge's own 'Kubla Khan'—the recollection of a dream—or, for that matter, in reading any anonymous poem?

Mr. Watson also gives the impression that he confuses intentionalism with contextual study. To accept the value of the latter (*e.g.*, knowledge of Greek drama and of the seventeenth-century background for the study of 'Samson Agonistes') is not necessarily to accept intentionalism.

Any type of criticism which insists for dogmatic reasons that a meaning to be found in the text must be ruled out of court is obscurantist, and in their extreme forms both intentionalism and anti-intentionalism are guilty of this.

Yours, etc.,

Macclesfield

CECIL W. DAVIES

Sir,—To the list of classical English critics, in Mr. George Watson's defence of 'intentionalist' criticism could be added Ben Jonson. This definition, in *Discoveries*, of the function of the critic (of poetry) definitely sets Jonson amongst the 'intentionalists':

But the office of a true critic or censor is not to throw by a letter anywhere, or damn an innocent syllable, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the author and his matter . . .

Yours, etc.,

Dalkey

RICHARD MANSFIELD

The Monteverdi Vespers

Sir,—I am somewhat surprised that Professor Westrup (*THE LISTENER*, October 23), following Schrade and others, designates as antiphons four pieces which Monteverdi described as 'a few sacred compositions for princely chapels and apartments'. True, there is an antiphon *Nigra sum*, but its text is much shorter than Monteverdi's, which consists of several verses strung together. The antiphon, acting as a frame for the psalm, must be brief and to the point: but this cannot be said for *Pulchra es*, *Duo Seraphim* (a mixture of Isaiah, vi, 3, and I John, v, 7) and *Audi coelum* (a long orison, with only the faintest resemblance to one phrase from the Song of Solomon). The plain fact is that these are non-liturgical cantata texts which have never been used as antiphons in any liturgy, and never could be. They are no more part of Vespers than is the *Sonata sopra Sancta Maria*, which (as part of the Litany) would be heard immediately before or after Mass.

Although the article quotes Monteverdi's title in full, it unfortunately omits to mention the various founts of type used. The Mass appears in large capitals, the princely pieces in smaller capitals, and the Vespers in diminutive upper and lower case. This is a fair indication that there were three categories, and three distinct orders of importance, with Vespers on the bottom rung. Yet editors and scholars have, until now, conceded only two groups: one being the Mass, and the other Monteverdi's so-called 'Vespers'. The Dukes of Mantua may have been pious music-lovers, but I cannot believe they would willingly endure such a pseudo-liturgical service lasting two hours.

Yours, etc.,

Croydon

DENIS STEVENS

'She had a Magic'

Sir,—I was rather surprised to read, in the review of *She had a Magic* (*THE LISTENER*, October 23), that 'at last a tribute is being paid to this young girl from the back streets of Dundee' (Mary Slessor).

I see that my copy of W. P. Livingstone's life of Mary Slessor is the twenty-eighth edition (1928). It was first published in 1915, the year in which Mary Slessor died at the age of sixty-six.—Yours, etc.,

Ambleside

B. SCHOLFIELD

Jigsaw Puzzles

Sir,—On reading *THE LISTENER* of October 16, I was rather stunned by the photograph you published on page 594, supporting a story by Shelagh Fraser in the Home Service about a jigsaw-puzzle club in London, because no acknowledgment or credit was mentioned underneath the reproduction of the giant jigsaw puzzle which was made over two years ago by two members of the White Crusader Boys' Movement of Great Britain. The movement's main aim is to make toys as Christmas gifts for orphans and needy children, all entirely voluntary and without any State aid.

It might interest you to know that we had more than 5,000 prints made of this photograph and, in turn, we made 5,000 puzzlettes of this picture, and these were distributed during Christmas, 1956. The actual puzzle itself was broken up by Tim Cain into twenty smaller puzzles all measuring four square feet, and then

the twenty puzzles were handed over to *The Evening News* Toy for a Sick Child Scheme for Christmas 1956.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

CLIFF TILLET

Founder-Organiser, The White

Crusader Boys' Movement of Great Britain

'This Is Your Life'

Sir,—In *THE LISTENER* of October 16 I referred to the television programme 'This Is Your Life' and implied that I thought—as I did—that there must be some advance discussion with the subject before the programme is assembled. Mr. Eric Maschwitz, Head of B.B.C. Light Entertainment (Television), has now written to me, pointing out that the subjects are 'in every instance unaware that they are to be interviewed and brought together with old friends'.

Doubtless seasoned viewers knew this already, but I should be glad of the chance of correcting my own misleading impression.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

K. W. GRANSDEN

A Meditation for All Souls Night

Estuary of autumn, All Souls Night,
Time to remember and to prepare
Standing idle in the cold air
While the tide ebbs under the sunset,
Black water littered with the restless light.

God brought his creatures to a man to name
And what he called them they became.
It was hard work, it was like God's own work,
To make names from nothing, but he did not
shirk,
He thought he was giving these bright appellations
To eternal individuals, not dying generations.
Since then whoever speaks a proper name
Feels the word stir with Adam's dream.

My life comes in, a net, hand over hand
Coiled upon the evening land,
And the fish gleam in the net,
The forgotten gleam and are remembered yet:
A Richard and a William,
A Henry and a John,
An Elizabeth, a Catherine,
A Mary, and a Margaret, and an Anne.
Called out by the same name
An old man and a boy,
One dying in pain,
The other jumping for joy.
Called out by the same name
A girl commanding and fine,
Another quiet as a mouse,
And both were friends of mine.
All these I call and summon,
Others also I name
But in my privacy
And in my requiem.

O Maker and Breaker of all things living, I
Marvel and live, I too am a name spoken
And silenced. I was fortunate to be made
And am content to be broken.

HAL SUMMERS

Two Commemorative Art Exhibitions

By BASIL TAYLOR

THE lower Fleet Street gossip hacks are at their nastiest when it is a matter of artistic crisis or defeat, and John Minton's death in 1957 was an occasion for stupid catchpenny vulgarity. Unfortunately only a fraction of those who discovered him for the first and last time in the headlines then as an Angry Beat Teenager will correct their view with this exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery and its catalogue. Whatever may have been the simple or the complex, the immediate or the remoter, reasons for Minton's suicide, there is certainly a decisive conflict within his art, but this is nevertheless a conflict to be found in the work of the whole of that small neo-romantic circle to which he belonged in the 'forties with Vaughan, Craxton, Colquhoun, Macbryde, and others. It was the conflict between a romantic imagery and iconography, which was always liable to be easy, soft, and immature and the severities of the various late cubist styles which all these painters then adopted, combined with the sharp critical intelligence which some, if not all of them, have possessed. Of this circle Keith Vaughan has been the only one who has put the two into double harness and driven them steadily towards a destination.

This exhibition proves what I had not recognized before, that it was Minton who was the most deeply affected by the conflicting aims of the group. In no other painter of his generation was there such an intense and, as we now see it, such a poignant search for another shore, another life, another time. The paintings he made in Paris before the war under a Berard-Berman kind of influence were more nostalgic than anything we have seen here off a theatrical stage. He made the most literal and conscientious evocations of Samuel Palmer. He travelled more widely than any of the others in search of subjects, in Spain, Corsica, Morocco, Jamaica. His re-creations of Maclise's 'Death of Nelson' or of the Roman world are part of the same quest. Remove the crude James Dean image of the journalists and you might still seem to have an embodiment of conventional nostalgic Bohemianism. But that is totally inexact. Minton was always trying to make full, complex, tough and searching pictures out of these dangerously tempting experiences. There is no better example of this than one of the most considerable pictures in the show, 'Portuguese Cannon, Magazan, Morocco', which is a hardly won, rather brutal, picture, a near victory over a picturesque subject. And the only thing I would quarrel with in Michael Middleton's catalogue introduction is the remark that Minton 'was incapable of making an ugly mark on paper or canvas'. In his attempt to reconcile his search for comforting or evocative visual experiences with his

intelligence, his high artistic standards and seriousness he could often paint with a touching clumsiness. Perhaps what destroyed his artistic stability and confidence was, in the end, a failure to solve a problem of style in a period when the foundations upon which artists of his age had

personal warmth and vivacity. They were made with the greatest care and deliberation, but their hermetic completeness leaves the spectator with hardly any freedom of movement, intellectually, sensationally, or imaginatively; every channel through which a stream of ambiguity might flow was closed.

His pictures of Sicilian puppets show the kind of things which pleased him and tempted him to paint, but they might have been made under his rigorous direction by another hand.

He would always remind anyone who liked the country that *he* did not, and the landscape paintings here—there are a large number of them—do not touch the fundamentals of a scene. He was a Londoner, a natural townee, and it is a pity that his affection and understanding of a city as a community did not find its way more often into his work. One might imagine that the particular solidity and precision of his work would be inappropriate to the ephemeral world of so much graphic design. In fact his designs wrap up an object, a book or a box of cotton reels, with an excellent firmness. To call a book jacket the best that has ever been designed is probably as stupid as calling any one woman the most beautiful in the world, but I would give that title to the jacket he made for the Faber edition of *Lear*, a design which the publishers so sensibly printed on the book's cover. Freedman was a magnificent graphic craftsman and this example in particular is wonderfully articulated and dense; it contains the text and entertains the eye.

He was a kind of graphic designer which we shall perhaps never see again, a man with a pencil and a deep knowledge of lettering, type, and the graphic processes. He was no copywriter's mate and would not have understood the new men with their Madison Avenue professionalism, their cameras, manuals of motivational research and talk of cybernetics.

A drawing by him, made for Shell-Mex in 1932, appears on the cover.



Self-portrait by John Minton (1953): from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery

previously depended were being knocked away by various forms of figurative or non-figurative expressionism. It is those pictures which are implicitly romantic and in which the signs of stylistic manipulation are least evident, such as the self-portrait reproduced here or other portraits (numbers 12 and 29 for example), that most directly evoke this generous, attractive, and talented man.

Barnett Freedman was another artist whose work failed to do him justice and who is also to be seen at St. James's Square. His sprightly, combative, teasing friendliness could not, I think, be guessed at, by anyone who did not know him, from this exhibition. Perhaps because of hanging difficulties it gives an unhappy impression of his gifts. Attention is first commanded by a large group of paintings, then by drawings, and only after that by his work as an illustrator and graphic designer. The paintings entirely lack his

The acquisition by the National Gallery of the picture by Simon Vouet, reproduced on page 693, means that a hitherto serious gap in the collection has been filled. Vouet was a Frenchman who went to Italy as a young man and spent some twelve years in Rome developing his own technique amid the *avant-garde* movements of the Roman painters of the day. These men were breaking with mannerism and developing the early baroque. Vouet was summoned back to France by Louis XIII in 1627. The new purchase is an example of his work of the early sixteen-thirties—not long, therefore, after his return. Its broad treatment and decorative style make the picture a link between the modified mannerist landscape of the sixteen-tens in Italy (e.g., Paul Bril) with the eighteenth-century tradition of Fragonard and Boucher in France.

ROGER CARY

The Listener's Book Chronicle

A History of Soviet Russia. Socialism in One Country 1924-1926.

By Edward Hallett Carr.

Macmillan. £2 5s.

THIS IS THE FIFTH volume in the series of Mr. Carr's history of Soviet Russia and brings him, as he says, to the heart of his subject. At first sight it is difficult to see why these particular years should be regarded as the heart of the subject, unless it be because this was the period when Stalin consolidated the hold of the party apparatus over the country. But this is not what Mr. Carr means at all. Indeed, there is a somewhat contemptuous reference in the preface to the view 'commonly expressed' that 'the Bolshevik leaders . . . were inspired primarily by the desire to perpetuate their rule'. In his first chapter Mr. Carr explains that his aim is to discern in the history of post-revolutionary Russia the tension which arose between the first sweeping shock of change represented by the revolution, and the subsequent re-assertion of the principle of continuity and tradition. It is in this context that these three years were in his view of decisive importance. Tocqueville, to whose authority Mr. Carr refers, made a similar analysis of the French Revolution some seventy years after the event, and long after the order created by the revolutionaries had been swept away. Mr. Carr has been bold enough to attempt this task a mere forty years after the event, and at a time when the revolutionary process set in motion in 1917 is far from spent. Tocqueville's analysis has now stood the test of a hundred years. Unhappily we shall none of us be alive to gauge the success of Mr. Carr's at this distance.

The present volume, after some introductory chapters on the background of ideas, social order, law, and leading personalities, is devoted to the economic history of the period. Political history and international relations are reserved for two subsequent volumes, which will complete his study of this phase, and the next volume is to be published shortly. Mr. Carr's great skill of exposition is too familiar to need stressing again. He has a rare gift of presenting and ordering a vast amount of material in an attractively lucid manner. Once again he has drawn on a large fund of original sources, and has documented his narrative at every stage, adequately and unobtrusively. His treatment is in the main dispassionate and calm. Occasionally his favourite idiosyncrasies intrude. But fortunately Mr. Carr is so good a scholar that one can disagree with his judgment on the basis of facts which he himself provides.

A notable feature of this volume is that Mr. Carr has set down his views on the relation of the wills of outstanding individuals to the historical conditions in which they find themselves. Possibly he is mindful of criticism in the past which has attributed to him too determinist or historicist an approach to history. He contends, rightly, that 'explanations of events given by the historian cannot be confined to simple statements of the will of individuals concerned'. (What historian, incidentally, ever so confined himself?) There is, he says, an interconnection between great men and the circumstances in

which they find themselves. What is not clear is how and why Mr. Carr derives from this self-evident truth the further conclusion that the characters of individuals offer 'comparatively little help' in understanding this period of Soviet history; or why, for example, it should be 'fanciful' to ascribe the fact that it was Stalin and not Trotsky who became the effective champion of forced industrialization, planning and sacrifice of the peasant, to 'any personal conviction or prejudice on Stalin's part', whose policy had an 'essentially impersonal' character. Are we then to believe that Stalin's elimination of Trotsky, the main advocate of industrialization and planning, before embarking on his own policy, was unconnected with the political rivalry between the two men?

This view of Soviet history, which was long ago argued by Trotsky in exile, does not become more convincing when presented by an historian. 'Impersonal forces' are merely the historian's generalization for the composite resultant of many human wills and their conflicts. And the virtual exclusion of this human element from his narrative, which Mr. Carr has imposed upon himself, merely leads on in the end to the conclusion that because certain things happened, they must inevitably have so happened—a proposition which cannot be disproved, adds very little to our understanding of events, and leads us straight back to historicism.

2,000 Years of Japanese Art. By Yukio

Yashiro. Edited by Peter C. Swann.

Thames and Hudson. £7 7s.

This splendid and costly volume on Japanese sculpture and painting, so absorbingly written, follows up admirably the exhibition of Japanese art treasures held recently in London. It is rare enough to find a western writer who comprehends the oriental attitude to art, but it is rarer still to discover an oriental who can convey to us in our own terms the oriental approach. Professor Yashiro, one of the foremost authorities in his own country, is just such a person who, with his western art-historical training, is able to explain in a stimulating way some of the fundamental differences, as well as the parallels, in the approaches of East and West. His comment that 'works of art are created for the enjoyment or salvation of ordinary people and not for the art historian' is both apt and timely; it is a comment too often justified by unimaginative, even insensitive, handling of art material by the specialist. He adds a plea that we should approach Japanese art with an open heart and mind, and allow our aesthetic judgment to govern our appreciation, rather than rely on the opinions of experts on every occasion.

In the introductory survey, which is followed by roughly chronologically arranged studies on sculpture, and of painting and its various schools, particular stress is laid on the revolution in art caused by the introduction of Zen Buddhism in the thirteenth century. Professor Yashiro explains in a later section how the introduction of this sect and its philosophy virtually spelled the doom of religious sculp-

ture on account of the emphasis laid on the belief that true religious experience should be sought and could be found in everyday life, a view diametrically opposed to those of older established sects. The old lyricism and idealism were largely swept away in favour of realism, often at the expense of poetic feeling. In discussing the techniques of sculpture, he explains the unusual method of assembling small blocks of wood so that the fullest advantage could be taken of grain textures, and he suggests reasons for the general preference for, and mastery of, wood as a sculptural medium. In writing of tempera painting he points out that while in both East and West there is more emphasis on line than on tone, calligraphy as practised in the East gave the line a greater firmness and formed a more powerful means of expressing personality. Of much interest is the explanation of the emergence of landscape painting, which he holds to have roots in the esoteric Buddhism of the eighth century and in the combination of Buddhism and Shinto that came about in the ninth century.

The illustrations which form a major part of the book, are for the most part excellent; if sometimes the colour looks slightly washed out this takes little away from the generally high standard. (It is unfortunate that the Hoitsu screen paintings of autumn grasses have been put in with the left hand screen on the right of the double page, thus largely destroying the perfection of the decorative effect.) We should be profoundly grateful for this admirable and authoritative study; we also owe a debt to Mr. Swann for his share in editing so well this important contribution to our knowledge of the art of Japan.

The Strange Story of Dr. James Barry

By Isobel Rae. Longmans. 13s. 6d.

Nearly a hundred years ago there died in London, at the age of about seventy, Dr. James Barry, who, after long service and varied experience, had risen to be Inspector-General of Hospitals for the Armed Forces. No obituary notice seems to have appeared in *The Times*, but Dr. Barry was something more than what used to be called an 'army pill'. There seems no doubt that Dr. Barry was a woman, was the first woman in this country ever to qualify as a doctor, and was an actress of such staying power that she was able to sustain the same role for a lifetime. Miss Isobel Rae, having made a careful investigation, has perhaps made Dr. Barry as clear as she is ever likely to be.

By 1813 James Barry, already qualified M.D. before the age of twenty, passed the Army Medical Board examination without, it seems, having to be physically examined. She was soon posted to the Cape as Assistant Surgeon to the Forces, under the dictatorial governorship of Lord Charles Somerset, in whose not very voluminous good books she managed, on the whole, to retain a deserved place. In later years she was to be found in Mauritius, St. Helena, the West Indies, Corfu, the Crimea, and Canada; but already at the Cape the young Dr. Barry set the pace for the later Dr. Barry.

Miss Rae brings into focus a small person

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with big eyes, a long nose, tiny hands, and a feminine voice, tricked out with a cocked hat and great sword, attended by a large black servant and a small white dog—the first of a series called *Psyche*. A teetotaler and vegetarian, the little doctor was sociable, a lively talker, and seen to flirt at balls with the best-looking women. Dr. Barry, conscientious in her profession, displayed the bossiness and love of power so often characteristic of dwarfish persons of insecure social status. Her self-esteem and ambition, her resentment of injustice and cruelty, and her professional zeal for the proper treatment of the healthy and the sick all stimulated her truculent tactlessness. A kindly martinet to her patients, she became touchy, peppery, and outspoken, and so adept at annoying safe-playing civil servants and military officials that she involved herself in rows, a duel, and a court-martial. But before Florence Nightingale she was agitating about the diet, fresh air, and living conditions of the troops; and when such a thing was still unheard of in England, she performed at the Cape a successful Caesarean section.

Mystery remains, and questions spring up in bunches. Why was the 11th Earl of Buchan a patron of James Barry in her youth, and why did he refer to her as 'poor Barry'? Who were her parents? Was the Mrs. Bulkeley who took her to Edinburgh to study medicine really her aunt? And could Mrs. Bulkeley and James Barry, R.A., help knowing that their nephew was their niece? At what age did James become a transvestite, and why? Did she in fact ever bear a child, as physical evidence after her death was alleged to indicate? If so, who was the father? What became of the child? Because it has been beyond the power of Miss Rae (not for want of trying) to answer these questions, her book necessarily remains a problem-portrait rather than a fulfilled biography, but the trouble she has taken sets up the tireless, tiresome Dr. Barry as a surgeon of distinction, a medical reformer, and, even by nineteenth-century standards, a woman of formidable eccentricity.

Essays on 'The Welfare State'

By Richard Titmuss.

Allen and Unwin. 20s.

Richard Titmuss, the London University Professor of Social Administration, is one of the small band of sociologists writing on either side of the Atlantic whom it is a constant pleasure to read. He has a lively and inquiring mind, a fluent and agreeable prose style, and a full command of his material, which he views from a much wider perspective than is customary in his discipline; above all, everything he writes is imbued with values worthy of respect, a constant concern for the integrity of the individuals and their families who make up the totals of the census and other government reports from which he derives most of his data. Together with this high valuation of integrity goes a high valuation of equity, two values which, on a theoretical plane, are not too easy to combine, and which occasionally lead him into intellectual paradox. In a number of essays in the present volume he seeks to combine and to contrast the fiscal and the distributive functions of the contemporary British government and to demonstrate that, comparatively speaking, far larger sums are remitted by taxation than are distributed. Underlying this

argument is the assumption that the state has an absolute right to the maximum level of tax on all incomes, and that therefore any remission of this maximum tax by fiscal policy is a charge on the Exchequer, just as much as it would have been if the money had been distributed as cash; and by means of this argument he claims that the 'welfare state' benefits the rich more than the poor. The underlying assumption seems logically dubious; but looking at the 'welfare state' as it affects the whole community, rather than only the recipients of cash benefits, is illuminating.

There are ten essays in the present volume, four of them, and these the most coherent group, devoted to some aspects of the workings of the National Health Service, a topic on which Professor Titmuss is a specialist, with particular attention to the ways in which this institution affects the general practitioner and the patient; as in the other essays, the contemporary pattern is put into historical perspective. There can be few readers, other than specialists, who will not find their understanding of this significant development of British life clarified by these four essays.

The remainder deal with various other aspects of contemporary government practices: the social division of welfare, pension systems, the position of women, industrialization and the family, and so on. Among the chief themes running through these pages is a comparison between the big change in age patterns of this century, and the ways of thought derived from the age-patterns of the nineteenth century (for example, although women now have five years more expectation of life at the age of sixty than do men, they are entitled to a pension five years earlier) and the influence of the punitive concepts of the older poor laws on the administration of contemporary benefits. Occasionally, Professor Titmuss uses a term from other disciplines—super-ego or ascribed status, for example—in ways which would not be acceptable to psycho-analysts or anthropologists; but, such minor blemishes apart, these essays are an outstanding contribution to our understanding of the contemporary scene.

The Lost Duchess. By D. A. Ponsonby. Chapman and Hall. 18s.

The author of this book has set himself an impossible task. It is to decant a pint measure into a quart bottle and cause it to appear full. Even by making paragraphs of single sentences (a practice to be discouraged), even by introducing a number of digressions not all equally relevant, he has had insufficient material with which to compose a full-length portrait of Louise, Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld and mother of the Prince Consort. The fault is not wholly the author's except in so far as he has sought to write a book when a monograph might have been more rewarding: adequate material, even if it exists, remains inaccessible amongst the royal archives. The only sources available are books already published and of these the most important is that which contains the letters written by Louise to Augusta von Studnitz. Yet this correspondence which she began about the time of her marriage at sixteen and carried on for seven years is virtually mute on matters which were of the utmost moment in her life and about which one would have expected that a girl writ-

ing to an adored confidant of her own age would have unprompted herself. Nowhere are the details of her estrangement from her husband and of her ultimate divorce revealed. As Mr. Ponsonby has to admit, it is of significance that not once in this correspondence does the Duchess mention the name of Alexander von Hanstein, the handsome Coburger who was the immediate cause of her divorce and whom she later married. He has in consequence been unable to produce much that is not already known about this unhappy woman.

Concerning the old scandal of the Duchess's having given birth to the Prince Albert as the result of an intrigue with her husband's Jewish chamberlain, Baron von Meyern, Mr. Ponsonby writes convincingly and sensibly.

A Sense of the World. By Elizabeth Jennings. Deutsch. 10s. 6d.

To Whom it may Concern. By Alan Ross. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

Miss Jennings writes with considerable sensibility. She is an introspective poet, who tries to make each poem a thought as well as an emotion. She pleases as a lyricist more often than she succeeds as a thinker. She often begins a poem with some concrete image—a sea-shell or a vase of flowers—but then tends to let this slide away from her grasp into metaphysical abstractions which are, for her, the point of writing the poem at all. Thus a poem about a church in Rome ends

I cannot quite forget the blazing day,
The alabaster windows or the way
The light refuses to be called abstract.

Good for the light, one wants to say: but that illustrates Miss Jennings's cerebral anxieties. Again, a poem about an old woman arranging flowers ends

It is acceptance she arranges
And her own life she places in the vase.

That is neat and at first sight attractively rounds off a charming piece, but after reading it again one wonders if it is not too tidy, an easy way out, an excuse to dodge the real issues of flesh and blood. Miss Jennings wants it to be so for her poem; but she does not entirely convince us, by her poem, that it is so.

These poems have the fine merit of clarity and unpretentiousness in the writing, but their author sometimes spoils a serene and unaffected response by a determination to create, come what may, a problem; and not only to create one but to try to solve it. Thus of a landscape she begins

Difficult not to see significance
In any landscape we are charged to watch.

But what the compulsory significance is, does not emerge from the poem, except that it seems to be a repetition of the old subjective-objective argument. By the end, the poet has decided that the landscape is about to be

quite swallowed up

In a surrender—a type of our death.

This kind of intellectual tension does not quite convince. If Miss Jennings could forget the need to find a reason and justification for every response, the clarity and coolness of her writing would create a greater effect on the reader. By trying to reduce each poem to a neat logical formula, she produces a certain monotony as the book proceeds. One cannot but admire the skill which has produced so many poems out of such

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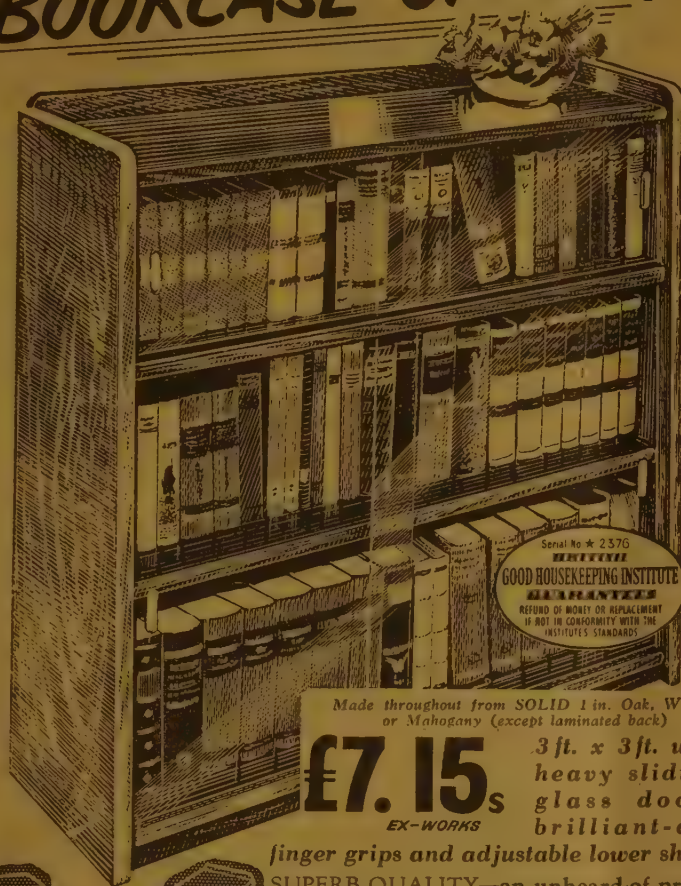
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shadowy mental material; if the shadow could be lifted and the neat, polite conclusion resisted, something very good indeed might come of it.

Mr. Ross's new book is in the completest contrast to that of Miss Jennings. Where she is a craftsman, he is sometimes slapdash; where she is tastefully even, he is confused and irregular. His subject matter is varied—plenty of sport, travel, people—and there are some long descriptive pieces. He has a shrewd eye and a practised pen; he is not dull. Yet as a book of poems this is sometimes difficult to read; it is as if there were an excess of literary thyroid. Take the following lines from a poem on Stanley Matthews:

Head of a Perugino, with faint flare
Of the nostrils, as though Lipizzaner-like,
he sniffed at the air. . . .

Football is described with reference to music, bullfighting, Vivaldi, Dibdin; such terms seem unsuitable to the subject and suggest a very clever 'profile' aimed at intellectuals. Mr. Ross is at his best when he does suit his language to his theme, as in the delightful little poem about two retired cricketers at Lord's, or in the funny 'Cairó Perfumery', or in the sad, true, bitter love-poem 'Never Again'. In such poems he keeps his ebullient vocabulary under control; their length is right. Some of the longer pieces contain admirable phrases and observations, but as total poems are marred by being too rambling and episodic; one could imagine them beginning and ending in quite different places; they are too immediate, too impressionistic. But at a time when verse is narrow, they do reassert the poet's right to the widest possible choice of subject-matter.

Malaya: A Political and Economic Appraisal. By Lennox A. Mills.

Oxford, for Minnesota Press. 30s.

There is an important gap in our knowledge of the post-war history of Malaya—namely of what happened between 1954 and 1956 to cause the British Government to change its policy towards Malayan independence. Hitherto, its policy had been one of encouraging a very gradual approach towards self-government. The Alliance of the United Malays National Organisation (UMNO) and the Malayan Chinese Association (MCA) was in the meantime agitating for a fully elected legislature in the Federation. In April, 1954, the Alliance sent a mission to London to urge its demands. At first the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Lyttelton) refused to meet the mission, but later consented to do so. Following on a rejection of the Alliance's demands, there was a 'walk-out' of its members from the legislature and from boards and committees. In the meantime, legislation was passed providing for fifty-two elected and forty-six nominated members of the legislature, and the Colonial Secretary now agreed that certain seats reserved for minority communities should be allotted to the party successful at the elections. When the elections took place in July, the Alliance obtained fifty-one out of the fifty-two seats, and on the basis of their small majority pressed for early independence. The British Government (with Mr. Lennox-Boyd as the new Colonial Secretary) now assisted the advance towards independence in every possible way, and it came about in September, 1957.

But why did the British Government reverse its attitude? Was it *force majeure* as symbolised by the Alliance 'walk-out', or was it a 'change of heart'? Until the Cabinet minutes see the light in a future generation, we are not likely to know for certain (though we may speculate with some show of probability). But change of policy it undoubtedly was. Instead of waiting for many years while representation was gradually extended to it, Malaya became independent in a very short space of time. The first year after *Merdeka* (independence), moreover, has been most encouraging to hopes for the country's stability and progress.

But from reading Dr. Mills's book we should not easily suspect that this *volte face* on the part of Britain had indeed taken place. Dr. Mills tells us that 'the British policy for tropical dependencies was parliamentary democracy on the instalment plan', and underlines British reluctance to grant independence to a dependency until it was 'prepared for it'. Yet he admits that when in February 1956, the Alliance chief, Tunku Abdul Rahman, demanded a definite date for independence, 'he found he was beating on an open door'. The impression the book conveys is that after a perfectly consistent attitude of Britain towards Malaya (including an interlude during which General Templer successfully ended the Communist rebellion), independence was granted to Malaya, according to a long-standing plan, in 1957. The historical section of the book, in fact, might well have been compiled exclusively from the official 'hand-outs' of the department of public relations of the Federation, assisted by some Colonial Office policy literature. Malayan nationalism, however, will not accept the theory that independence was handed to Malaya, as it were, 'on a plate', without any effort or real struggle on the part of the Malaysians themselves, and, historically, it will be right.

Dr. Mills's attitude is assisted by his frame of mind (which might fairly be described as British conservatism of the Salisbury vintage) and by his remoteness from the scene he describes. No recent contact with Malaya on the part of the author is recorded, and the whole approach suggests that the research and writing were carried out in Minnesota, assisted by visits to London, and contact with colonial officials and retired civil servants. (Such references as 'Malay Civil Service', for 'Malayan Civil Service', would not have been made by anyone closely connected with Malaya.)

Background to Current Affairs

By Desmond Crowley.

Macmillan. 21s.

The Arms Race. By Philip Noel-Baker. Stevens. 25s.

Both these books can be recommended unreservedly. No one who aspires to any kind of knowledge about the politics of the world we live in can afford to do without them—unless, of course, he is prepared to undertake for himself all the research that Dr. Crowley and Mr. Noel-Baker have done for him.

Dr. Crowley has produced something that is almost unique—a work of reference that is easy to read. He has covered all the difficult post-war ground with the greatest skill and impartiality. His chapter headings range from Britain and the Post-War World through the

United Nations, to The Problem of Nuclear Weapons. If any one section of the book deserves to be singled out for particular praise it is the one dealing with Communism, with its sub-section on Soviet foreign policy. It is a first-class piece of condensation.

Strictly speaking, Mr. Noel-Baker's book is not so much a work of reference as a plea for a new look at the disarmament policy of the Western Powers. He himself describes his book as a 'Programme for World Disarmament'. But his analysis of the various stages of the negotiations on disarmament—and it occupies a considerable part of his book—is extremely useful. He observes that some of the most important documents resulting from these negotiations are not available to the public since the cost of printing them was thought to be too high—£1,500. Still, that is not the only obstacle to our knowledge. Some of the reports make such difficult reading as to be almost incomprehensible to the ordinary person. The validity of that excuse for ignorance has been removed by Mr. Noel-Baker's lucid book.

King James IV of Scotland. By R. L. Mackie. Oliver and Boyd. 25s.

James IV is worth the 300 pages which Mr. Mackie has given him. He is the Scottish king who was born in 1473 and killed at the head of his armies at Flodden only forty years later. This James is as important a subject for study as his father. Both lived through those fascinating two generations which join the middle ages to the renaissance. The personalities of both were markedly and tragically those of two renaissance princes, with their love of learning but extravagance, statecraft but indulgence in power politics, far beyond the capacity of their own kingdom to sustain.

Mr. Mackie's book will not entirely replace the eight-page article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* which Aeneas Mackay wrote more than sixty years ago (and which, incidentally, is not mentioned in Mr. Mackie's bibliography). The new life is rather an opportunity taken to look at the many-sidedness of James's activities within the context of the social history of the Scotland of his day. It is a substantial work of scholarship, with footnote references to plenty of printed and some manuscript sources. The illustrations, print, and paper make the volume attractive to handle; and, as Mr. Mackie writes clearly, the book should also make pleasant reading for the general reader.

Mr. Mackie's most valuable achievements are two: his description and assessment of Flodden and the light he has thrown on the social conditions of about 1500. He shows himself to be a good judge of his sources in dealing with military matters. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that he has not ventured more into constitutional history or into some comparisons and contrasts with the exciting developments that were taking place in contemporary Yorkist and early Tudor England. But other books (perhaps his own) can do this in the years to come; and meanwhile, Mr. Mackie has shown himself adept at using documents like the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland to throw new light on such subjects as travelling conditions, festivals, agriculture, the clergy, and the new learning (both inside and outside the universities) in the days of James IV.

New Novels: Graham Greene and Others

Our Man in Havana. By Graham Greene. Heinemann. 15s.

Mountolive. By Lawrence Durrell. Faber. 16s.

A Ripple from the Storm. By Doris Lessing. Michael Joseph. 15s.

No Language but a Cry. By Lennox Cook. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

FOR many years Mr. Graham Greene has distinguished between his novels and his 'entertainments', in which he modestly includes *Our Man in Havana*. Certainly the description is justified, for his story has just that element of extravagance and make believe which we have the right to expect when we are being distracted and amused.

The plot has the basic simplicity of good farce. Mr. Wormald, a not very successful distributor of vacuum cleaners in Havana, is recruited by the British Secret Service as their local representative. He has no qualifications, and little appetite, for the job, but is glad of the pay, which allows him to provide for the future of his motherless daughter. But he has to earn his money; and so he invents a network of fictitious agents to serve as the sources of the sensational reports which he concocts for his masters in London. In weaving this web of deceit, Wormald displays a hitherto unsuspected fertility of invention; other intelligence services, as well as the British, take him and his agents seriously, and innocent men suffer as a result of his make-believe, which gradually begins to assume a sinister reality. Fortunately he is saved from the penalties of his success through the workings of that particular kind of lunacy which is the occupational disease of intelligence services all over the world.

Mr. Greene tells his story with the ease and assurance of a master, and a kind of humour and high spirits which one had not expected of him. Mr. Wormald, his daughter, his secretary, his sad German friend, Dr. Hasselbacher, are charming comic characters who inspire laughter and affection. The powers of evil, who are never entirely absent from Mr. Greene's writings, here play their part only as figures of fun, whose worst vices are the incurable folly and frivolity with which they meddle in human affairs. It is really as if Mr. Greene had stopped thinking of sin for a time, and one cannot help feeling that his characters, even though absurd, have gained in reality as a result, while, as always, they are nourished and sustained by that intense awareness of a particular time and place, here of Havana, which is one of his greatest gifts.

Mr. Greene is today the most accomplished of living English novelists; *Our Man in Havana* may be no more than an entertainment but it shows, I think, that he has not yet used all his powers, and one fervently hopes that one day he will give us a novel in which they all come to fruition together.

Mr. Lawrence Durrell, like Mr. Greene, also has an acute sense of time and place; in *Mountolive* he continues the wonderful series of pictures of life and society in Alexandria which was begun in *Justine* and *Balthazar*. The opening pages of *Mountolive* give a magnificent description of a fish hunt at night on the waters of Mareotis; the words and sentences have a colour and movement that seem to transport

one bodily to the alien and savage scene. There are other episodes in the novel that are equally vivid; yet it is as individual episodes that they remain in the mind. For unfortunately Mr. Durrell has chosen to tell his story, which is chiefly concerned with an exciting and dramatic piece of Middle Eastern intrigue, largely through the eyes of a professional British diplomat who has risen to be Ambassador in Cairo, and not all the art in the world could make him an interesting character. No doubt the portrait of *Mountolive* (his very name fails to carry conviction) is a fair and accurate one; perhaps indeed it is too accurate, for he carries about with him, like a load of sin, all the insufferable boredom of diplomatic life and conveys even into Mr. Durrell's wonderful Egypt the cold, damp gloom of the British character in decay.

After Mr. Durrell's prose Mrs. Lessing's may seem pedestrian and even drab; nevertheless it is a sharp and efficient instrument for the work it has to do. In this case, it is to describe the workings of a secret Communist group in a small town in Africa and its effects on the lives and relationships of the people who compose it. The picture Mrs. Lessing draws is one of futility, waste and failure; yet it has a kind of nobility because of the extravagant hopes and illusions which inspire the members of the group. What gives *A Ripple from the Storm* its particular interest is that it takes in aspects of life which are for the most part totally ignored in fiction. Mrs. Lessing is concerned with people for whom politics are as important as their personal lives, for whom, indeed, politics are their personal lives, and in her careful, sober examination of one small group she discovers truths which are equally applicable on a very much larger scale. She is able to do this because her characters accurately reflect and actively respond to the social conditions which determine their feelings and beliefs, most of all of course to the fundamental horrible facts of white supremacy in Africa; and this gives even their most trivial actions a significance which is far wider than themselves. For this reason *A Ripple from the Storm* has a weight and solidity which makes it remarkable among contemporary novels.

Mrs. Lessing's characters are all out of tune with society, for a variety of reasons. So is Martin Henley, the hero of *No Language but a Cry*, but in his case it is for one reason only, and over this he has no control. In every other respect the image of a normal and attractive young Englishman, he is a homosexual, who has served a term of imprisonment before trying to make a new life for himself in Bangkok. It would have been easy to make him a special case, in which special pleading is called for; but Mr. Cook shows him rather as subject to the general laws which govern all those, whether homosexual or heterosexual, for whom it is impossible to find emotional fulfilment. This is a considerable artistic achieve-

ment, because it universalizes Henley's predicament and thus gives us a genuine and spontaneous sympathy with him in the suffering inherent in his situation. All the more so because he is led by love to identify himself with his employer in a dramatic and exciting struggle to save his timber firm from financial disaster. In this struggle, which is exceedingly well described, Henley is brilliantly successful, and it is therefore all the more bitter to him that in his personal conflict he inevitably meets with a defeat which he feels to be abject and shameful.

No Language but a Cry is a very good novel, which deserves to be widely read, both for its purely literary qualities and for the insight it gives into a social and human problem which our rulers, it seems, in spite of the Wolfenden Committee, still do not have the courage to face. They could do worse than to read *No Language but a Cry*; it might at least give them understanding, if not courage.

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The Cambridge Department of Criminal Science has completed its research into the success and failure rates of more than 9,000 adults and juveniles placed on probation in Middlesex and London. The report, published under the title *The Results of Probation* (Macmillan, 21s.), deals with the infringement of the probation order while it was in force and conviction during the three years after it expired. The general failure rate for adults was only 26.2 per cent. and for juveniles 37.6 per cent. As one would expect, this encouraging result is even more marked in the case of first offenders. The report is indispensable to the student of penology.

Brian Fawcett's *Ruins in the Sky* (Hutchinson, 25s.), adds something to the legend of his father Colonel Fawcett, whose book of Brazilian exploration he had previously edited. Mr. Fawcett was a railway engineer in Peru until 1947: this gives him half his book. The second half describes a search of the Amazon basin where his father disappeared. Looking for the lost civilizations that had lured the Colonel to his death, his son found the 'ruins' to be natural rock-formations—'three lives ruined in the quest for an objective that had never existed in fact'.

Time of the Mango-Flowers (Heinemann, 30s.) is a book of travels in India, with excellent photographs, by Roderick Cameron, who recently published his picture-book of Indian architecture. It is neither an investigation of contemporary problems and prospects nor a personal evocation of moods, but rather a sensitive, friendly, and diligently studied version of the formerly fashionable travel-book, taking in many of the most enchanting places and re-telling the old stories with new zest.

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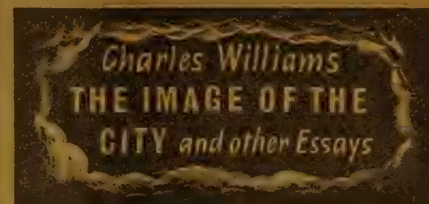
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'This admirably produced edition of Dryden's poems will replace that by John Sargeant, which Oxford issued in 1910... here we have the complete canon, including the *Virgil*, which was absent from the earlier edition. Moreover, the second half of the last volume is devoted to a commentary, providing references sadly needed by the general reader of today.' *The Listener* *Four volumes* £10.10s. net

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Science in the Picture

WE HAVE BEEN having a good deal of science lately on Channel One. Keeping up with the latest research is a full-time job nowadays: what we are really seeing, of course, are the things the future is going to take for granted: high-speed, painless dental drills; food-preservation by gamma radiation. Meanwhile, the laboratory is still a long way in time from the factory. The first programme in a new fortnightly series, 'Science is News', designed to cover medicine and industry as well as 'pure' science, was seen on October 16. Its most intriguing item, for the amateur, was a film-illustrated* description of some experiments recently carried out against sea-sickness. Several soldiers were given a meal, then set adrift on covered rafts in a tank which was artificially agitated to produce wave-motion. Each soldier had taken a drug, but not the same drug, the idea being to compare results of different products in the same conditions. Till these results come through, we must carry on with faith and dry biscuits. A magazine programme like 'Science is News' has probably done its job if one of its items connects; several different subjects packed into one half-hour may be more than some minds can absorb.

'Eye on Research' (October 21) dealt with the latest weapon in the war against bacteria: gamma radiation. This is a two-edged weapon: it will not only kill bacteria but, if they are not protected by thick concrete, scientists. In an exciting sequence we actually saw, by remote-control camera, the inside of the radiation-chamber: something no human eye could ever see and survive. Alarm bells rang; radiation began from the cobalt-source; a tiny spot of white light appeared in a dark funnel on our screens: a source of energy as deadly as it was beneficial. This dramatic moment brought home to us the terrifying ambivalences of modern science, in which good and evil are potentially the same.

The practical application of this work was then shown. Irradiated food can be preserved longer than refrigerated food, and more safely; unfortunately, chemical changes may affect the flavour, though Mr. Baxter did not spot the irradiated bacon (here is a fruitful field for future advertisement-copywriters). Gamma radiation can also be used to sterilize drugs, and to purify the 'effluence' (waste-matter) from coke-manufacture. I rather lost the track of things in this second part of the programme; the last speaker did not make himself clear. If we had stopped earlier I should still have had plenty to think about. Scientists naturally get carried away by their own work and want to explain it fully; simplification often gets lost by the way.

Not to be outdone by all this science, 'Tonight', which unfailingly humanizes whatever it touches, weighed in last week with the star exhibit of the British Dental Trade Fair, a new type of drill, and introduced it characteristically by

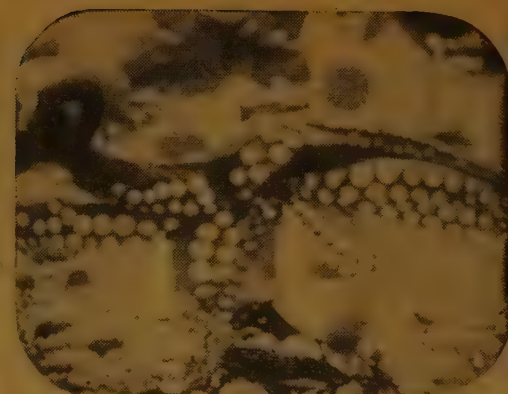
showing us an excerpt from a film called 'Tell Me if it Hurts', in which the old type of drill was hideously to the fore. This remarkable effort had the macabre atmosphere of one of the early German expressionist shockers: the climax, with the drill bearing remorselessly down and the word 'sorry' repeated and magnified with grim sadism until oblivion overcame the patient, was one of the best bits of Grand Guignol I have seen for some time.

Dentists also figured in Richard Cawston's 'On Call to a Nation' (October 22), an exhaustive seventy-five-minute documentary covering just about every aspect of the National Health Service: family doctors, clinics, hospitals, health visitors, district nurses, specialists, oculists—and patients. It brought together some fine examples of the bedside manner, and a vast and occasionally disturbing array of facts and views. Half a million people are waiting for hospital beds; there is a serious shortage of dentists; doctors have too many patients and too little time, yet the method of payment, at so much a head, is hardly an incentive for them to cut down their lists. There are too many commercial drugs on the market. The administrative machinery is over-complicated: for instance, there is some overlapping between the G.P. and the clinic, particularly with children.

All this concerns us all, especially as the Health Service costs £700,000,000 a year. But, reflecting on the technique of this programme, I think we might have got the feel of a doctor's work more if, say, one day in one doctor's life had been dramatized or one patient's progress followed right through: giving us a sort of 'Medical Report' in the manner of the recent brilliant 'Crime Report'. But it may be that this assembly of brief episodes was the only way of conveying to us the complexity of Britain's most remarkable post-war achievement.



'On Call to a Nation', a documentary programme about doctors, on October 22: the waiting-room of a general practitioner beginning his morning surgery



The underside of an octopus seen in the series 'Look' on October 23

John Curre

Finally, and less strenuously, zoology. 'Look' made a welcome return last Thursday with a programme about those strange fish which science calls cephalopods (squids, octopuses, etc.) and legend calls 'devil-fish'. Legend looked in first with an excerpt from Disney's film of 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea', in which a giant squid attacks the 'Nautilus'. Brian Boycott handled a (moderately) tame octopus in a studio tank, and also showed us a cuttlefish which obligingly went pale with fright and was as charming as the octopus was repellent. But the octopus seemed admirably equipped for the battle of life, able to build its own front door and manage a lobster if not a submarine. This programme fed the eye and the imagination as well as the brain.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Men, Women, and Mountains

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA to salute the successful persistence and the twenty-first birthday of the Colchester Repertory with a place in Saturday Playhouse. The chosen piece, 'Four for Solitaire' by Rachel Grieve, was concerned with a quartet of wives waiting in a Welsh mountain hotel while their husbands went out on a dangerous climb. There were the natural tensions, some sexual jealousy, and then a dire suspense when it was known that one of the men had had a probably fatal fall. For whom was the bell to toll?

The suspense was created by the inconceivable idiocy of another visitor who had seen the accident from afar. His obvious job was to get the quickest possible contact with police, doctor, and a mountain rescue party. Instead he wasted time telling the four wives that one of the climbers had crashed horribly and saying that he did not know which it was. The man was 'planted' as a nervous stammerer, but to be nervous is not necessarily to be a nitwit, and a more cruel folly than to leave the women to guess the victim could not be imagined. But the silliness did at least serve to provide a theatrical situation.

My guess was that the play had been cut to an hour from something longer, since the beginning was so hustled that the climbers could not establish themselves as characters with their several matrimonial problems. This was hard on the men of the Colchester Company who were out on the rocks before they were into our cognizance. So the piece became essentially a women's play. The various types were well differentiated in the writing and realized in capable act-

ing by a team unaccustomed to the train of television performance.

Eva Stuart gave quality to the heart-ache of a divided love, Virginia Stride to a simple devotion, Heather Canning to philosophic patience, and Pamela Coles to the gauche and tetchy moods of one who felt herself out of the picture. It could be derived from the proceedings that Rachel Grieve can write good natural dialogue and that her play was probably better at full length than it managed to seem in an hour: also that Colchester has a first-class repertory standard. Happy birthday to the establishment!

The Roman philosopher-poet Lucretius wisely observed that 'out of nothing nothing comes'. My response to Sunday night's 'Wanted—One Body', by Raymond Dyer, was of a negative kind or that negative reason. For substance there were, indeed, corpses, supposed or real, sliding panels, strange noises, clutching hands, and the usual outfit of a thriller. But I could find nothing positive in the way of invention or humour, and so I merely report the presence of the leaders of the Whitehall Theatre team, assisted by Dora Bryan. It is doubtless good policy to make occasional room for high jinks amid the generally high level of 'Sunday-Night Theatre'; but some standard of nonsense should be observed, and this week's 'farical chiller' should have been labelled 'for non-adults only'. And that, perhaps, would have been unfair to children.

Mr. Osborne's Angry Young Man, with a Welfare State, a free university education, and a world of full employment, has always seemed to me more culpable for his bad temper than venial for his bad luck. Suppose he had been born twenty years earlier? Youth had good right to snarl in the nineteen-thirties when millions were unemployed and the single man's dole was fourteen shillings a week. Jock, the central figure of 'Who Fought Alone', by Moultrie Kelsall (October 21), was a Glasgow slum-boy whose father was killed in 1918 and whose mother was a drunken bully. With scarcely a chance, he drifted through police-courts, Borstal, prison, and hunger.

He found small compassion and much contemptuous rejection when, with gaol behind him, he went tramping in search of a job. Having a bad past, he was doomed to a bad future: at last he got a job in a shipyard, but a slump ended that. So he joined the Army, married in haste and disastrously, was sent to North Africa, and was killed after Alamein. One who found his isolated body scraped sand over it and wrote on a wooden cross: 'He Fought Alone'. It was a double truth: who can say there were no such bleak, brief lives before death in the desert? Lines from 'A Shropshire Lad' echoed in my mind as I watched Jock plodding away on his treadmill of loneliness and doom.

Shot? So quick, so clean an ending?

Oh that was right, lad, that was brave:

Yours was not an ill for mending,

'Twas best to take it to the grave.

Moultrie Kelsall wrote his remorseless script in prose; when he attempted to give Jock dying visions of his ancestors he was, perhaps, less fortunate in the result than when he stuck to less fanciful effects. But the life was efficiently, as well as factually, charted.

Scotland gave this epitaph on a Scottish soldier straightforward production by James Crampsey with well-judged aid of film and with a cast that was down to earth, or desert sand,



'Four for Solitaire' on October 25, with (standing) Virginia Stride as Nancy Carver and Heather Canning as Helena Owen; (sitting) Pamela Coles as Naomi Redfern and Eva Stuart as Camilla May

throughout. Jock, in all his moods, was finely played by Frank Wylie. 'Dust's your wages, son of sorrow'. The bells of death went ting-a-ling—and rang poignantly true. The dusty answer given to the young of twenty years ago was justly remembered.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Greek Week

THE PRESENT FASHION in translation from the Greek is an excellent one. Its object is to provide acting translations which should make the ancient drama more appreciated. Eschewing poetical renderings which merely gild the lily and translations which are marred by what Mr. Raymond Postgate calls 'that rather awful thing called Poetic Prose', it presents the plays in a contemporary tongue. The plays may lose some of their poetry and some of that atmosphere of reverence in which they were written. But the translations into good speaking prose which leave the imagery to its transcendent devices, lay bare the original dramatic structure and, what is more important, give the plays a chance on the radio or on the contemporary stage.

Mr. Postgate, who translated the Agamemnon of Aeschylus which was produced by Mr. Frederick Bradnum, had taken one or two liberties in the cause of clarity. The great slabs of intoned chorus, once spoken in unison, were broken into parts for four single and nobly distinct voices. The long speeches—even the ones which recount the past history of the cursed house of Atreus—were made sharp and interesting in their modern colloquial dress. No longer hypnotized by the ritual or modern renderings of Aeschylus's poetry I felt that I could come nearer to understanding the playwright's original interest in the story of the Atrids. In Cassandra's anguish as a captive and in Clytemnestra's speech on the terrors of pillage there seems to flicker the ghost of Aeschylus's personal experience in war. As the fate of all the participants in the tragedy is known to the audience the play only breaks new

ground in its debate on Justice.

Clytemnestra, played implacably with a great voice by Miss Freda Jackson, invokes it. Cassandra cries out for it and knows that she will not escape it whether it come from God or man. There is irony in Agamemnon's innocence of the retribution that waits within the palace and there is irony too in the confident righteousness of Aegisthus. When Clytemnestra says at last: 'We shall put everything right. Do everything well', there is a sense of rest but there is in the mind of the audience the figure of Orestes waiting off-stage like a bomb smouldering. The chorus, which is ordinary man, cries out for normal kinds of justice which are not born of the sword. Aeschylus puts up a powerful case against Thrasymachus.

In Mr. Peter Watts's translation of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the haze of past scholarship was also lifted. Mr. Watts feels that the *Alcestis* should be played as comedy and he may be right. If it is comedy it is of a kind that comes hard to us today. In *Radio Times* Mr. Watts considers that Herakles's bawdiness and deception of Admetus becomes almost offensive when the play is treated as a tragedy. In this treatment there emerged in my mind the idea that Admetus is being deservedly teased for his presumption in thinking that he alone has the right to become a God. If this is the case, the subject is ripe meat for tragedy and the comedy begins when Admetus and Herakles are reconciled. It would seem in Admetus's last speech, inviting dances and the sacrifice of oxen, that Euripides is only at the last giving way to the pantomime and high jinks which traditionally ended the evening's drama. Herakles was indeed a figure of comedy but for the greater part of the play he would seem to be playing a straight role. At the same time, however, I must admit to Mr. Watts that the satyrs have been



Scene in a Yorkshire police station from 'Who Fought Alone' on October 21, with Douglas Gladdie (seated) as the police sergeant, Arthur Boland as the police constable, Frank Wylie as Jock McNeil, and Effie Morrison as Mrs. Carter

gaily at work, muddling the ground between comedy and tragedy.

The falling dream which many of us have experienced at one time or another was made the central feature of a story by Mr. Stacy Aumonier which was adapted by Mr. Felix Felton in 'The Fall'. Jules, a petty thief who murders an English tourist in the Pyrenees, is haunted by the dream in cafés, in solitude, and even in the company of his fellow petty criminals. It transpires that the dream presages death by heart attack and not the death that Jules fears on the block. The early part of the story was pedestrian and did not seem to belong to the magnificent finale wrought by Mr. Charles Lefeaux who produced the play.

Mr. John Keir Cross hit upon a pleasant way of adapting 'The Constant Star' which is a novel by Mr. George Blake about a Clydeside shipbuilding family in the nineteenth century. Through the voice of Bob Rait (Eric Woodburn) the listener was introduced to 'bits and pieces remembered', just as if the storyteller had dipped—as Mr. Keir Cross clearly had to do—into a chronicle longer than a ninety-minute telling. After a time I could almost see Mr. Woodburn on the other side of the hearth.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Punch Lines

INTO THAT breakfast-time kaleidoscope, 'Today' (which this week included instructions how to grow a beard 'scientifically' and two serious-sounding reports from a witches' coven now in full cry in Hertfordshire), there also burst Mr. Mike Todd, junior, with what was, from his own point of view, unquestionably 'great' news. Not to be worsted by developments elsewhere, he has discovered and will shortly introduce a new thing in the film industry: Smellovision. This, which can be summed up with adequate buoyancy only in the terms of the stout Cortez of the enterprise, will be 'a lot of fun, fascinating, and a new experience'. Odours of brandy, cuisine, flowers, everything, will enhance the first film in the new medium, to be called (we might have guessed it) *Scent of Danger*. But the capital virtue will be this: scent by itself can speak volumes, and what the sponsor called the 'punch line' can now be replaced by a smell.

The progress of human wit being such that words will soon be dispensable—and Smello-radio not being, in any sense, a consummation to be hoped for—I suppose it would be useless to look for punch lines in a sound programme. Certainly there were none in Lady Wootton's contribution to 'Frankly Speaking'. Though something like what Mr. Todd meant was perhaps to be found in a brief interview (in 'Roundabout') with Anna Russell, a *diseuse* who was introduced as world-famous. It is odd, by the way, how many people are nowadays overtaken, or overcome, by world fame without many of us being much the wiser. Miss Russell's punch line was simply that, while her singing voice had been spoiled, for serious purposes, in an accident, she could now make a bigger noise than anyone else on earth. Chivalrous, her interviewer refused to challenge this. Certainly both Miss Russell and Mr. Todd put themselves across with tremendous aplomb.

Level-headed, level-tongued, Lady Wootton was speaking from a very different world. Descended from hard-working Scottish forebears, and issuing from prosperous Cambridge, she has arrived at a settled view of contradictions, past and present. Religion? We ought to be grown up enough to do without it. On the other hand, she will not bring may into

the house. It prompts disasters. Her contribution was as illuminating as any in this always rewarding series, which has the virtues of a 'This is Your Life' without any of the false dramatics or emotional blackmail. The evasions (none were noticeable in this particular case) are always revealing, and the silliest question can prompt the most characteristic reply. Without intending to, Lady Wootton showed up as an admirable choice for a life peeress, and presented an excellent case for a Regiment of Women. Which makes it sad to remember that when, at the recent party conferences as reported on the radio, passions were roused on the lower levels of opinion, the call to the pack came, in each case—shocking to relate—in a woman's voice.

Passion of any sort still studiously evades 'The Living Shakespeare'—the contributions to which, this week, by L. C. Knights and M. R. Ridley, skimmed and simplified—admirably in a way—the complexities of imagery, character, and plot. But the intending learner, grovelling among the texts, must have found it hard to get up to that height. What I should most like to hear in this series would be the resulting impact of an ardent, alert, but not particularly pro-Shakespearean theatre-goer, catapulted direct from the gods into the midst of a panel of experts, academic and theatrical. The ensuing scrimmage might lead to no clear resolution, but reality, I think, would break in, and we might all see something afresh.

For clashes of opinion we had to look elsewhere. The most rewarding one I found, rather unexpectedly, in Kenneth Harris's 'Workshop' (Monday, Home) where two experts on the cotton industry came to loggerheads, one side claiming that the industry ought to have been better protected, the other that it ought to have put its house in order from within. The contenders grew hot in debate. Character came out, unconscious, urgent, impromptu, in a way that drama can never provide; and instead of an easy verbal solution we were given insight into a problem unresolved.

Evidently there is no rule about this, since no such reward was offered, in 'Matters of Moment'; by a discussion of alternative pension schemes. The endless involvement of the subject prompted party petulance on both sides, which in turn left the tangle worse confounded.

As a speaker on a very different subject, the Rev. H. F. D. Sparks, confronting the tangle of opinion grown up round the only half-published Dead Sea Scrolls, remarked in a talk on the Third: 'Different people will assess these differences differently'. Surely the gentlest of punch lines.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Hi-F.M.!

HAVING, THUS TARDILY, equipped myself with a V.H.F./F.M. receiving set, I am like the new convert and would have all men do likewise. I will only say that it has doubled my pleasure in listening, giving a far higher degree of fidelity to the musical sounds. In the past one could, with help from the ear of faith, distinguish between the oboe and the cor anglais in their dialogue in Berlioz's 'Scène aux champs'. Last Wednesday I had no need for faith; the distinctive timbres of the two instruments were completely reproduced.

The *Symphonie Fantastique* occupied the second half of the Philharmonia Orchestra's concert conducted by André Cluytens (*vice* Otto Klemperer who is still incapacitated by illness). From what one knows of his style as an interpreter, I doubt if the German conductor would have given so good an account of Berlioz's work, at once so impassioned and so lucidly expressed.

If anything, M. Cluytens erred on the side of lucidity and restraint, which at least avoided the pitfall of blatant vulgarity into which it is all too easy to fall in the 'Witches' Sabbath'. If this sounded less exciting and malignant than it has in other performances, at least it sounded musical, which it seldom does. It was the 'March to the Scaffold' that suffered most from the conductor's refusal to underline the drama; it might have been a brave military march for the Cuirassiers. The pastoral *Adagio* was beautifully phrased and here the menace of the thunder at the end was none the less potent for its crescendos not being magnified to the utmost two drummers can achieve. And if the individual instruments came over with an enhanced distinctiveness, the excellence of the players' actual performance was also the more recognisable.

The orchestra gave an exquisitely finished account of the score of Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, but I found Christa Ludwig's singing of the songs disappointing as coming from one whose performances in opera I have greatly enjoyed. There was not enough firmness in the definition of her phrases, and her tone was both unsteady and uneven in quality over the scale. Upon Cluytens's odd performance of the Overture to *Der Freischütz* I discreetly draw a veil.

On Friday, being United Nations Day, we partook of a mobile concert that flitted from New York to Paris and on to Geneva quicker even than a Comet IV. The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a fine performance of Honegger's 'Three Ds' (which doesn't mean three-dimensional or stereophonic) Symphony, though I could not help wondering whether, as music, it was worth the expense of a line to relay it across the Atlantic. What was worth while was to hear the noble tone of Casals' violoncello once more in a Sonata by Bach, with Horszowski as his partner at the pianoforte.

From Paris came an example of oriental music played by Ravi Shankar, whose absolute control over the growing complexity and dynamics of the music aroused admiration even though the interest of the musical material was not apparent to ears not attuned to it. After this, more Bach played by Yehudi Menuhin and David Oistrakh, who interwove the strands of the double Concerto in D minor with unfailing beauty of tone and exact balance. There could, perhaps, have been more repose, as though it were poised in an absolute serenity, in the slow movement. But this was altogether a lovely performance. If only this symbolic union of Russia and America in sublime harmony could find concrete manifestation in the conversations of Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Eisenhower, how much happier we all should be!

Thereafter we repaired to Geneva to hear a capable quartet of British soloists with two Swiss Choirs and the Orchestre Suisse Romande under the direction of Ernest Ansermet beginning the Universal Brotherhood of Man to the magnificent tune invented by Beethoven for Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. Somehow, in the light of the week's news, its aspiration had a hollow ring.

On Tuesday Howard Ferguson's fiftieth birthday was celebrated by a concert in which he took part as pianist. His second Violin Sonata, which he played with Yfrah Neaman, well exemplified the poetic quality of his imagination which, without adventuring far into harmonic experiment, yet finds new things to say. Five Bagatelles for pianoforte, a song-cycle with poems by Denton Welch admirably set, and the Octet, now twenty-five years old and a classic that has taken its place in the concert-repertoire beside Schubert's, completed this well-merited tribute to the composer.

DYNELEY HUSSEY



*can you
picture yourself
in, say, 9 years'
time?*

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Unilever

Music on B.B.C. Television

By PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

FIRST question: is there any? When it comes to looking as opposed to listening, Euterpe gets a poor look-in. One can imagine an old-style *Punch* joke, thus:

Earnest and musical viewer to casual ditto:

'What did you think of the Bartók on television last night?'

'Why, I never even knew she was on!' (col-lapse of e. and m. viewer)

This is in the order of things—the audible must play second fiddle but need there be quite so little good music? In a month you will hardly bag as much as you can often hear in one Sunday on the Home. To be sure, October was a rather exceptional month. Like the tenor in *Il Trovatore* who, as Bernard Shaw said, staked his all on one stupendous yell, B.B.C. television put most of its musical eggs in the operatic basket: a single and impressive production of Arthur Benjamin's *A Tale of Two Cities*, a well-deserved honour for an opera which is exactly the sort of second-class popular masterpiece to balance the operatic repertory in countries where they do not hold that a diet of masterpieces (or nothing) is what the public must be served.

The opera drew the crowds eventually at Sadler's Wells and I don't doubt that it made converts on the hearth in this fine, imaginative production by Cartier (the best of television opera producers). All the same, there was some tut-tutting. One otherwise sensitive critic had to ask himself if this were the sort of thing television ought to be doing. But why not? Was not *Salome* with Frau Pilarczyk such a success it had to be repeated? Or was that nose-counting success due only to some adventitious notion circulated by a popular song that *Salome* is salacious? Ignoble thought. I bet a lot of people anyway found Benjamin's operatic treatment of Dickens exciting; perhaps more so than a plain costume drama treatment which would inevitably lose so much of the tone which Dickens supplies as a narrator and which a composer, precisely, is able to supply.

One element is always lacking in screened, as opposed to staged, opera: technically I suppose one refers to it as 'projection', popularly by some such word as 'oomph' or 'binge'; i.e., the specific excitement indulged in certainly by nineteenth-century composers, of lifting a surge of sound, vocal and orchestral, into the darkened cavern of an auditorium. We get little or nothing of that from our parlour picture; with the result that many of the values in opera are reversed. It is little humble Manette (Heddl-

Nash) and not loud extravagant Madame Defarge (the excellent Amy Shuard) who wins our belief, whereas at the Wells it was the other way about. John Cameron's Sydney Carton made an impression either way. But the question—which operas are best suited to television?—is no doubt engaging the considerable talents of the B.B.C. musical television experts. By pointing to this deficiency, which is noticeable above all in the storm and stress operas of the Verdian and post-Verdian periods, including of course

a china shop. Purists probably regret these appearances, feeling that artists of the highest order should come, like wines which need no bush, in plainer wrappers. But if it is really a question of half a loaf or no bread, I am prepared to enjoy the occasional glimpse—Mr. Robinson's patter and all. And of course we do also have the more serious sort of introduction in 'Concert Hour', when someone such as Alec Robertson prepares the ground for Segovia—an artist, incidentally, whom it is fascinating to

watch as well as to hear, and one who demonstrates most clearly the case in favour of music seen as well as heard.

'But', objects your Third Programme V.H.F. listener, 'what can possibly be gained which is not cancelled out by the distraction of having to use the outward eye?' The answer can only be demonstrated by specific instances; for example, among the month's celebrity recitals I was intensely interested to watch the way Andor Foldes, the Hungarian pianist, dealt with some of the fingering of the *Bagatelles* by Beethoven, and I took active pleasure in seeing his hands in close-up during his beautiful *legato* phrasing in the *allegretto* movement of the Beethoven sonata (Op. 10 No. 2—incidentally a bravely non-popular programme). When I was not specially interested to peer into the technicalities of his playing I found that the producer, Walter Todds, also seemed to

feel that withdrawal was the proper course. Consequently we retired to a safe distance; the equivalent, more or less, of shutting your eyes in a concert hall.

Admittedly the sight of a pianist in long shot, a spotlight beaming on his domed head, as though a dove were about to descend is not the most interesting television sight. In this highly enjoyable recital there were moments when Mr. Foldes, who is far from being a melancholy person, was made to look a little too reminiscent of that famous picture 'The world forgetting, by the world forgot'. But I wouldn't hold that against the producer. What one required of him, and so faithfully received, was the tact in knowing when to look and when not to. Which is, after all, the first television law.

This year John Calder publishes five annuals, each at 25s. The *International Literary Annual*, edited by John Wain, is published for the first time; the *International Film Annual*, edited by William Whitebait, and *The Concert-Goer's Annual*, edited by Evan Senior, appear for the second; the *International Theatre Annual*, edited by Harold Hobson, for the third; and *Opera Annual*, edited by Harold Rosenthal, for the fifth time.



Prison scene from Arthur Benjamin's opera *A Tale of Two Cities* on October 2: Alexander Young (left) as Charles Darnay and John Cameron as Sydney Carton

Wagner, I do not wish to imply that we must content ourselves with endless repetitions of *La Serva Padrona* and such dainty trifles. Might we not try, say, Puccini's *La Rondine* (for the centenary so soon upon us) and, to mention only a single instance of a Sadler's Wells success, *The School for Fathers* (*I quattro Rustighi*) by Wolf-Ferrari?

Other recent musical events have fallen largely into two categories: the Special Occasion and the take-it-or-leave-it rag-bag. In the former we had such splendid things as Menuhin and Oistrakh discoursing Bach, and no doubt by implication sweet concord and international harmony for United Nations Day—a concert in which the evidence of the eyes undoubtedly counted for something extra and valuable, not to suggest that two artists of differing backgrounds and allegiances have not often come happily together in musical consort. But the television in this instance 'made the point' most happily. In the other category one may come upon almost anything served up with avuncular relish by Eric Robinson—a great ballerina not at her best, a great basso as little at home as a bull in

Bridge Forum—IV

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Every Saturday, on Network Three, a panel of bridge experts answers questions sent in by listeners. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese deal here with some questions better suited to a written answer. Their opinions are given independently of one another.

Question 1

(from A. Lennon, Belfast). Playing Acol, my partner and I bid as follows:

Love All. Dealer West			
♠ K	♠ Q 6 2		
♥ K Q 10 4 2	♥ A 9 8 2		
♦ None	♦ K 9 7 3 2		
♣ A Q J 10 9 5 2	♣ K		
South	West	North	East
—	1 C	1 D	1 H
1 S	2 D	2 S	2 N. T.
3 S	4 S	No Bid	5 C
No Bid	5 H	No Bid	No Bid
No Bid			

A diamond was led and thirteen tricks were made. Will the panel decide who was at fault in missing the slam, comment on the auction, and suggest a better auction?

Answer by Harold Franklin

West was the culprit. There was a complete lack of consistency in his final bid. His earlier bidding had advertised a two-suiter, and a very powerful one, in the clearest possible way. His partner's repeated No Trump bids did not suggest the most suitable of hands and yet West committed the partnership to the five level. The

sign-off for his partner would clearly be Five Hearts: the Five Club bid could not be other than a cue-bid and the only feature it could reasonably show was the king, or a singleton with a sufficient heart length to make a singleton attractive. West therefore should have no problem in bidding Six Hearts.

Had he made that final bid I would have regarded the entire sequence as commendably sound.

Answer by Terence Reese

For the first three rounds, at any rate, East-West bid away like a couple of professionals. West made two good bids to show his powerhouse and East took the opportunity to show his King of Clubs. It looks as though West missed the point of that bid: Hearts were the agreed suit, so that Five Clubs was a cue-bid and West should have gone to Six Hearts. East might think that Six would be on, but he could reflect that he had shown both his features.

Question 2

(from F. R. Heading, 8 Waverley Road, Bristol, 6)

Match-pointed Pairs. Game All. Dealer West. South holds:

♠ A K 8 4	♥ 2	♦ 9 7 4 3	♣ A K 10 4
South	West	North	East
—	No Bid	No Bid	One No Trump
?			

The No Trump is announced as weak (12-14 points). What should South bid?

Answer by Harold Franklin

Double. I believe my hand to be more powerful than that of the opener and that creates the presumption that my side has the balance of power. This is a situation in which I cannot look for protection since if I pass and West passes that will only limit his hand as being of less than game-going strength.

Since the double is primarily for business, partner will take it out only if he is very weak. If he does that, and in hearts, I will take my punishment—I risk that against my chance of collecting a penalty if he passes or, not impossibly, is able to double a heart bid by West.

Answer by Terence Reese

When opponents use a weak No Trump vulnerable there is a temptation to look for chances to punish them, but it is a temptation that should be resisted, for when second hand overcalls a No Trump he is in a very exposed position. South has no sound call and should say No Bid. If West takes out into Two Hearts, and that comes round to South, he can think about contesting with Two Spades.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to 'Bridge Forum', Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and not to The Editor, THE LISTENER]

Two new books on contract bridge are *Bridge Psychology*, by Victor Mollo (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.), and *The Expert Game*, by Terence Reese (Arnold, 12s. 6d.).

The Eve of the American Elections

(continued from page 681)

California election in the same light, for the Democratic candidate for Governor is a Roman Catholic; but you would be ludicrously wrong. Mr. Pat Brown is admired for many things and criticized for some. His religion is never mentioned, and the only interest in it is reflected in the thought that if he becomes Governor of California—which he seems certain to do—and gets grand ideas about the White House in 1960, then he may well regret the turn of fate that made him a Catholic and his wife a Methodist.

California is, on the contrary, obsessed with the proposal on the ballot to outlaw the closed union shop. It is also distracted by the open feud between the two Republicans who are running for Governor and Senator. In the mid-west, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa are also debating or voting on the closed union shop, but the only remarkable thing about that is that this should be a lively issue in farming States that were, for long, bulwarks of Republicanism.

The moment you leave the west and land in any other place—my first stop was Wisconsin—you are amazed to note that the heat is being pumped into utterly different quarrels. The suggestion to increase a property tax is going to mean in one State the death of one man's hopes of high office. The question in two other States of whether the candidate, in one place a Democrat in the other a Republican, did or did not accept a campaign contribution from Mr. Hoffer and the discredited teamsters.

If there is one topic, one grievance, that could swing the election in those places where the balance is in doubt, it is the aftermath of the recession in manufacturing towns. In fact, to make things simple and decisive, I will plump for that last phrase as the key that may open the door, a week from Tuesday, to a flood of Democrats. The mid-west farming States are not reliably Republican any more. Two generations of farmers have either gone west or gone to the factories, and it is here that the Repub-

licans may lose the edge that they could always depend on.

I was surprised in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan to hear so much talk of empty factories and idle men. Not even the most unrepentant New Dealer maintains that the recession is still with us. But unfortunately for the Republicans when a recession unravels the fabric of society, the last stitch to be picked up is employment; and there is enough unemployment, and it is sufficiently well spread throughout the small towns of the mid-west and New England, to turn old-fashioned Republicans into spiteful Democrats.

This has nothing to do with party doctrine, or political philosophy. The Republicans will take the rap for the oldest political reason: they happened to be the in party when the recession fell on us. So, though they may fume at the injustice of the phrase, they cannot stop hungry men dubbing the spring setback in the Democrat parrot phrase as 'the Republican recession'.

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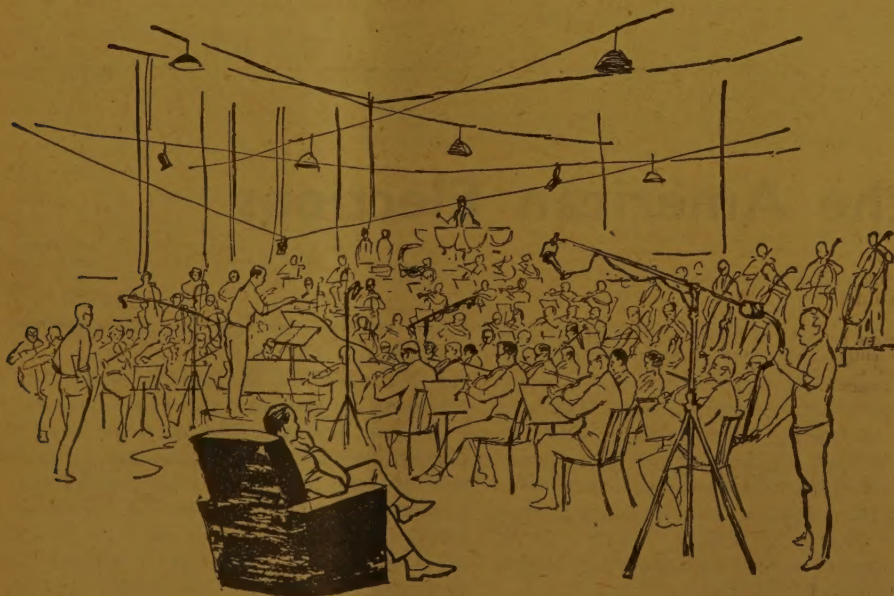
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HINTS ON CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS are a much better flavour if they are made early, giving them time to mellow. There is plenty of good fruit in the shops now.

Most people have their own favourite recipes, but I suggest you ring the changes sometimes. For instance, you can add brown ale, brandy, rum, or orange and lemon juice to your puddings to give a good flavour; but do not make the mixture too wet. It should just drop easily from the spoon.

If you are putting in any silver trinkets, wash and dry them well and wrap them up in a little grease-proof paper.

Grease your pudding basins and fill them; cover with greased paper, tie a clean cloth on firmly and boil or steam them for six to seven hours. This gives a good brown colour and rich flavour. After the first boiling, remove the wet cloth and paper, and put on fresh, greased paper and a clean cloth when the puddings are cold, and store them in a cool, dry place. On Christmas Day, boil them for about two hours.

DORA SETON

MARROW RINGS

Peel a marrow whole (one about nine to ten inches long makes four helpings). Parboil for ten minutes, then cut into two-inch slices and remove centre seeds. Make some batter, not too thick. Heat some fat in the frying pan. Dip a ring of marrow into the batter and fry both sides. Then break into the centre one egg and when set (two to three minutes) remove the marrow and egg from the pan with a broad slicer and place in a flat, fire-proof dish. When all the marrow rings and eggs are done, sprinkle them with salt, pepper, and grated cheese and place under the grill for two or three minutes.

Serve with any other vegetable you like, or with bread and butter.

STELLA MAJOR

KEEPING THE BATH CLEAN

It seems that the manufacturers of vitreous enamel think we ill-treat our baths because we do not know enough about this material and how to cherish it. To begin with, did you know that vitreous enamel is really glass fused on to metal? In this form the glass is much stronger than even the toughened variety which we recognise as such. But, all the same, this enamel needs careful treatment if it is to be perfectly kept. That means avoiding scratchy cleaners.

The only scouring powders or pastes that are safe to use are the ones which do not feel gritty when you rub them between your finger and thumb. In fact, scourers are hardly necessary if you can persuade bathers to swish round with a cloth or a brush while their hot soapy water is running away. If a film of soap and dirt is left like a tidemark, obviously this dries hard when the bath is empty and cold—and then you do have to do some scouring. What the experts would like us to do is to follow this brush-round with a fresh soapy wash and a rinse.

It is a mistake to throw in a handful of bath salts and let them dissolve on their own, melting away on the bottom of the bath. Put the salts in while the bath is filling, and give them a stir to dissolve them. The reason for this is that bath salts are a strong alkali, and alkalis can spoil the surface of vitreous enamel.

This advice is all very well for people who possess gleaming modern baths. But what about people who are putting up with tired old veterans they have inherited from someone else, with marks made by dripping taps and so on? How can these be dealt with when they will not

yield to mild scouring powder? The experts' answer is that if you treat these stains with chemicals you are liable to destroy the gloss. But I must say I have often used rust-removing solution on bath stains and the surface has survived. But I leave the solution on for only a few moments, and then I rinse it extremely thoroughly. The same applies to the use of domestic bleach.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

J. P. CORBETT (page 675): Jowett Lecturer in Philosophy and Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford; editor of R. J. Mayor's *Reason and Common Sense*

F. R. H. DU BOULAY (page 687): Reader in Medieval History, London University; author of *A Handlist of Medieval Ecclesiastical Terms*

GLYN DANIEL (page 689): University Lecturer in Archaeology at Cambridge; author of *A Hundred Years of Archaeology, The Pre-historic Chamber Tombs of England and Wales*, and other books

DAVID LACK, F.R.S. (page 691): Director, Edward Grey Institute of Field Ornithology, Oxford, since 1945; author of *The Life of the Robin, Darwin's Finches, The Natural Regulation of Animal Numbers, and Swifts in a Tower*

BASIL TAYLOR (page 696): art historian and librarian at the Royal College of Art; editor of *The Impressionists and Their World*; author of *Animal Painting in England from Barlow to Landseer, Josef Herman*, and other books

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE (page 708): London dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian*; associate editor of *Opera*; author of *A Key to Opera*

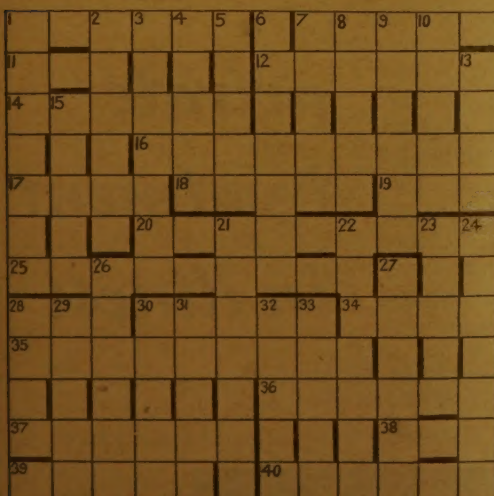
Crossword No. 1,483.

Crime Club.

By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 6. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Clues in italics are anagrams of authors of detective stories. Solvers should enter in their place the surnames of their respective sleuths, whose unchecked letters form the following: PEN FLECKS GAT.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. *Edric Gogglehood* (6)
7. Bamboo mat, tangled above the border (5)
11. Grandpa's not finished the hot drink at all (3)
12. *Hashi Gigaretta* (6)
14. Woolly cliche suitable for the cold, tapering figure (6)
16. *Eric Amblerlight* (9)
17. Dash for a court order (4)
18. Secretive about the eye, and wretched (5)
19. Formerly used to serve jackdaw (3)
20. Complicated initiation rite among the once exalted (9)
25. *Serena Farm-Unit* (9)
28. *Dennis M. Drincup* (3)
30. Fate demands that I be held in a guessing game (5)
34. Reverse of coin shows a seed cover (4)
35. Sloping just about the sheer limit! (9)
36. City where one sees men almost steeped in the stringed instrument! (6)
37. Sort of dabs a spot of Moselle in the glass (6)
38. Blimey, you need several baths to reduce the body substantially! (3)
39. *Cybele Net* (5)
40. The Scots utter falsehoods about the death of Shakespeare (6)

DOWN

1. *Ronnie Seasmogg* (7)
2. See at your leisure what's loathsome in Aberdeen (6)
3. Here's demi-paradise, half Eurasian; take comfort (7)
4. Silk-satin, as a support for the skull, could bear great weight (5)

5. Rising observed in Somerset—depleted English expire violently (5)
6. *Neil Cashmine* (7)
7. You have to cudgel to raise a franc (5)
8. One should get light-hearted about the top of the eaves here! (5)
9. Russian vehicle a bit upset—I must have a double (6)
10. Gig, the toothache remedy (5)
13. Column shaft cur's down flashy vulgarian (4)
15. What's the opposite of awkward? The old knew (5)
21. Steatopygous? Well, have a bath, love, and see a bit taken off (7)
22. For a chemical test, it needs to get near to show changes (7)
23. Let's rise about 'sion's overthrow; it's Anacreontic (5)
24. Young fish turn the old river upside-down getting food (7)
26. Short comedy written in the course of a sudden down-pour (6)
27. *Samson Cliff-Twerler* (6)
28. *Jordan S. Rockchin* (4)
29. Plant trees in the compound (5)
30. *Gerald N. Sealtrayner* (5)
31. A round's a lively tune for worshipping figure (5)
32. Wrinkle due to upset liver (5)
33. A river is like an old woman: aged, keeping nothing hidden (5)

Solution of No. 1,481

POLICATANTELOPE
ARGOLINSFLAREDOUP
RHINOCEROSORIBI
KONSCHELICHMOMST
WARTHOGICHEETAWC
KRUGERNATIONALH
ILAUGHINCHYAEWA
TOWNEEERWAYTELLEB
COLUMNTIMPALATE
HPETERHUUHLOWER
HPFELANDUERRATN
NOTMEPOLTEINENCE
KLIPSPRINGERKIT
EESTLIENFOUVEILH
GAMERESERVEDEVY

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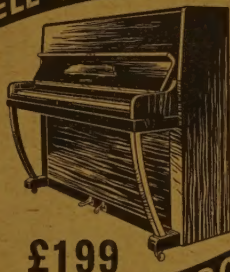
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